THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XV. NO. 43. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1896.—FIFTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Pleasant Reunion of Division No. 37 at Brighton—Remarkable Display of Genuine Juvenile Talent—Div. 25 Also Celebrates.

Parade of the Order in the North Division—Death of Brother Mannix of Div. 20—Prof. Delaney's Bagpipes.

Last week's issue missed our weekly batch of news and the complaints which have reached my ears impressed me with a deep sense of dereliction of duty. There are times when hard words are veiled flattery and I hug the flattering unction to my wounded soul that these lines must do some one good, interest some inquiring mind or there would be no remarks on the absence of the "Gossip" caption from THE CITIZEN columns.

There were few events of interest to record, but two of them stood out as red letter evenings.

Down in Brighton Div. 37 held its first reunion on Oct. 3, and passed all the rest in the result as far as genuine Irish enjoyment is concerned. It is unnecessary to say more than Brother John Bigane was at his best presiding over a gathering which represented every section of the city and included among its large and enthusiastic audience as many outside as inside of the Order under whose auspices the entertainment was given. Brother Bigane is a model chairman unassuming and kind in his methods he wins support from all by his courtesy to everyone and his genuine regard for the proprieties. Woe betide the thoughtless wight who sought opportunity for conversation during a visitor's address or tried to sate the venom in his nature by personalities or impertinence while Brother Bigane held the gavel. Brother Bigane has long enjoyed the confidence of his brothers in Div. 27, and the secret of his influence was apparent to the visitors who admired his ability as a chairman.

The programme was a varied one and included numbers rarely seen at such gatherings, yet the rarity is surprising because I know no place the gentle influence of children's presence can be more appreciated than at a gathering of Hibernians. The singing of Miss Bigane and Miss Larney, the recitations from the younger Miss Larney and the sturdy little son of Brother O'Neill, are items in a programme which will bear frequent repetition. The gifted little ones were much applauded and deserved the encominms which were lavished by an appreciative audience. The violin selections rendered by Brother O'Neill proved the gentleman one of nature's own musicians. The strings sang some of Erin's sweetest melodies under his bow, and many an eye dimmed as one old air followed another in the rich cadences of Gaelic minstrelsy. Brothers Henely and Lamb delivered addresses on the condition of the Order, its growth and present condition. Mr. Thomas Carey, in a short speech, expressed his appreciation of the worth of the A. O. H. and his intention of becoming a member. State President Keating spoke on the active co-operation needed among Hibernians in guarding the education of their children and in spreading the principles of Irish nationality among those who had selected the Republic as the country of their adoption. There were many other numbers which deserved notice, but space limits my desire to do justice to all.

The evening of Oct. 3 was also Hibernian night at the church fair in St. Pius' parish. Div. 25, which is located in that section of the city invited its friends to come to swell the attendance that evening. They came with a vengeance and everyone brought his wife or sweetheart. There were some eighteen hundred present which was the highest record during the fair. The programme was, of course, largely Hibernian in character and included the State President's address on behalf of the A. O. H. and particularly the merits of Div. 25. The reverend gentlemen attached to to the parish expressed themselves much pleased with the aid given them by the local A. O. H., and tendered their valued help to build up the division whose good work was already so apparent.

The parade on the North Side, Sunday, Oct. 4, was in charge of County Secretary Frank J. Conroy, assisted by County Financial Secretary J. J. Lamb, Brothers Luke Lyons, J. Perkins, P. J. Sullivan, J. Doyle, P. J. Cummings, J. P. Dohney and others. About 300 members were in line and marched to the music of Walsh's band. It was to be regretted not a banner was in sight which contrasted oddly with the flying colors of other societies. The marching, however, was above the average. The columns were in better order than has been observed on similar occasions. His brother officers were much gratified with the evidence of executive ability which marked the efforts of Brother Frank Conroy as grand marshal, and if possible he took a step higher in the estimation of the A. O. H. of Cook county.

Div. 2 is pushing ahead with commendable zeal. The increase of membership during '95 has been most marked. On Thursday, the 8th inst., Brother J. J. Lamb paid the division a visit, and assisted at the initiation of eight candidates. Under the head of "Good of the Order," some interesting speeches, good recitations and well rendered songs lent much to the pleasure of the evening, and impressed the visitors with the idea, "It is well to be here." The young divisions are setting the pace for the older ones.

Oct. 10, saw another Hibernian night at the church fair in All Saint's parish, under the auspices of Div. 20. The crush was awful, and as the Rev. Father Gillan said, it was a night worthy of the A. O. H. Div. 20 had donated a large parlor stove as a prize, tickets for which were sold in laage numbers during the evening. Brother Barney Delany, of Div. 36, was present with State President Keating, and the pipes of Brother Barney kept the toes of those present itching for the reel and jig. The success of the evening was beyond all expectations, and was very creditable to Brother J. J. Lamb and his excellent division of earnest Hibernians.

I must note here that Div. 20 has lost an honorary member, Brother Mannix, who was one of its best and most earnest missionaries. Brother Mannix will be missed by all who had an opportunity of knowing what a true heart was his; how devoted he was to the faith of his forefathers and the Green Isle across the sea. May he rest in peace.

Div. 3 had a "smoke talk" last Monday evening, at their hall, North and Milwaukee avenues. Songs, speeches and recitations enlivened the meeting hours, and all present seemed to enjoy themselves right merrily. Div. 3 has good pushing officers and members, and their entertainment on Monday night favorably impressed itself on the many visitors present.

Div. 8 has every reason to feel proud of Saturday evening, Oct. 17. They succeeded in getting together the largest crowd, in furnishing one of the best entertainments and in doing more actual good for the A. O. H. than any other division for some time, and there is no doubt that these facts will count largely in their favor at their coming ball, to be given at Brand's hall, Clark and Erie streets, on Saturday evening, Nov. 14. ER.

Entertainment and Ball of Div. 12.

The annual entertainment and ball of Div. 12, A. O. H., will be held at Douglas hall, corner of Thirty-fifth street and Indiana avenue, on Thursday evening, Oct. 29. Nothing has been left undone by the arrangements committee to make this one of the grandest social events of the season. The following programme has been arranged for the occasion:

1. Song.....Miss Nellie Dowling
2. Recitation.....Master John Raney
3. Song.....Miss Lizzie Cartan
4. Recitation.....John H. Mallon
5. Song.....Master Doheny
6. Address.....Rev. Francis L. Reynolds
7. Violin solo.....Miss K. I. P. Burke (Accompanied by Miss L. Kearney.)
8. Recitation.....George F. Mulligan
9. Song.....W. L. O'Connell

After the entertainment the famous Seventh Regiment band will commence to play its enchanting music so that the youth and beauty present may indulge in their favorite pastime—dancing. As Div. 12 is one of the most prosperous divisions in Cook county, and as its roll of membership is composed of some of the best known Irishmen in Chicago, it is confidently expected that the approaching entertainment and ball will surpass in splendor anything of the kind heretofore undertaken. So great has been the demand for admission tickets that the original supply has long since been exhausted. The committee expect to see an enormous gathering when the doors are thrown open Thursday evening, Oct. 29.

OBITUARY.

OFFICER THOMAS NOONAN.

Mr. Thomas Noonan, a police officer, who was stationed for a number of years at the Dearborn railway station, died recently in Hot Springs, Ark., of dropsy. Mr. Noonan was given a leave of absence on account of his health a short time ago. He was nearly 50 years old and had been on the police force twenty-four years. When his twenty years of service had expired, instead of taking advantage of the pension he was entitled to, he continued active service. He was born in Woodstock, Ill. At the age of 16 he enlisted and fought through the civil war. Later he joined the regular army, but left to take a position on the police force. He leaves two children, who have been attending Notre Dame university. His wife died four years ago. At one time Officer Noonan weighed 315 pounds, but at the time of his departure for Hot Springs he was reduced to 195 pounds.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

AT AVONDALE.

A Writer for the Irish Weekly Independent Gives a Highly Interesting Sketch of John H. Parnell, Brother of the Great Irish Leader, as Seen at His Wicklow Home.

A Significant Reminder of the Night Before the Fatal Kilkenny Election—C. S. Parnell's Melancholy Prophecy.

A recent issue of the Westminster Gazette contains a very interesting article on Avondale, and of some conversations which the writer had with Mr. John Howard Parnell, M. P. We give the article in extenso:

A little Irish terrier, "Sport," accompanied us in our walk. He was a quiet, sad little dog, who remained faithfully and fondly near his master all the way, but who declined to make friends with me, or indeed to condescend to take the slightest notice of my attentions.

As we were passing through a field a brigade of cows charged "Sport," who was indeed a very tiny little dog. I thought "Sport" would fly off. But not a bit of it. "Sport" turned right round and faced the enemy without flinching, and the cows pulled up with a suddenness and a look of wonder which was very droll. "Sport" never barked, never made the least noise, never stirred, but steadily faced his foes.

It was a ludicrous scene, and amused us. "You see," said Parnell, "Sport knows what to do. He is very quiet. He does not make any noise. But he faces the cows, and holds his ground. That is what we ought to do with the English. But we don't. We make noise, but we don't face them, and we don't hold our ground."

This remark at once brought up the subject of unity, and John plunged into it at once. I repeated my question: "What plan or policy would Charles be likely to propose to bring about unity?" "Well," said John, "he would leave all English parties alone." Then, with a touch of energy which was not at all characteristic, he added, after a long pause, "You see, the English do not care a d—— for us, and we ought not to care a d—— for them." You remind me," I said, "of the story of the showman who gave an account to a village audience of Daniel in the lion's den, and wound up by saying, 'And Daniel did not care a d—— for the lion, and the lion did not care a d—— for Dan.'" "Yes," said John, with surprising readiness, "and that's the reason Daniel got out. He did not care a d—— for the lion." We walked along then for some fifteen minutes without exchanging a word, and then John broke in, "We will never have unity until we have a fighting plan. You see, a fight with England would bring us all together at once. We have not a fight with England, and we are fighting among ourselves."

I then said, "Perhaps you think the best thing that could happen would be for the Liberals to declare against Home Rule." After a while, he said: "The Liberals won't say that they will drop Home Rule. But they have really dropped it. It would be better for us if the Liberals would say that they had given up Home Rule, so that we might fight them, than that they should give up Home Rule and not say it, and so keep up an alliance which is no good. The Liberal alliance is killing Home Rule. It prevents a fighting policy, and we cannot get Home Rule without a fighting policy. That is, we are asked to trust the English. You see we are sitting quiet"—a pause, then a smile—"except that we are all fighting each other. We ought all to come together—all solid against England. But, you see, we are all thinking more of allying ourselves with English parties, and of using English parties against each other than of all coming together."

I should say again that this was not said in one continuous speech. It was all said after many pauses, much hesitation, and even many diversions caused by reference to the scenery through which we passed, and other topics that suddenly thrust themselves upon us. But he never lost sight of the subject. He held on doggedly to it. He kept to his own line. He jerked out all he had to say with a conviction and determination which produced more impression than the fluent utterances of a practiced talker. The struggle of the man to express the views which it was abundantly clear he had worked out in his own mind was in striking contrast to the average flippant politician who can talk by the yard but cannot think by the inch.

"I know," said Charles Stewart Parnell in private conversation in 1881, to a Fenian leader who doubted his power to deal effectually with English parties by parliamentary action—"I know that I can bring English parties to their knees over this Home Rule question without risking anything like an insurrectionary movement. I cannot tell you how I will do it. Perhaps, I do not know exactly myself. But I am convinced that I can and that I will do it." The year 1886 came, and this Fenian leader then told me the story, and said: "Yes, he has done it. He not only brought Gladstone around, but he even shook Salisbury."

The evening was now falling in, and we returned over the fields to Avondale. We called on an old woman on the way, who had been Charles' nurse, and who had been his housekeeper at Avondale almost to the day of his death. She had a nice comfortable little home on the Parnell estate, and was very pleased to see "Master John" as he entered the door and took a seat in the "chimney corner." Around the room were photographs of Charles, and newspaper pictures of many scenes, including committee room 15, in which he had taken part. The old woman had much to say of "Master Charlie" as a boy and a man, and still fondly cherished his memory. She and John talked about old days, and told stories of Charlie. Charlie, they said, was very fond of the game of "follow me leader," but always insisted on being leader. He hated to be beaten at anything. John used constantly to beat him at chess, and on these occasions of defeat Charlie would sometimes upset the table and show much irritation. But he was ever ready to try again. He was never tired of sticking to his guns, and never ceased to take the utmost pains to win.

The woman's son came in, and brought out of a bedroom a pair of greaves marked "C. S. P., 1874." "These, sir," he said, "were worn by Master Charles in the last cricket match he played as captain of the Wicklow eleven."

I asked for the greaves to carry them off as a trophy, but they would not be parted with for love or money. Mary, the old nurse, was a politician, and as we came away she said: "Ah, well sir, they thought they could do without Master Charlie, but look at them now. Indeed, sir, they are making a sorry show of themselves and the country. Sure, 'tis laughing at us everybody is."

It was dark as we reached Avondale, and my host insisted on my dining before taking the train for Dublin. While I dined he sat in an arm chair peering into the log fire. As he sat, thoughtful, sad, preoccupied, he recalled to my mind a scene I witnessed the night before the declaration of the poll at the Kilkenny election in the winter of 1890.

Charles Stewart Parnell entered a room in which I sat alone. He quietly shut the door, removed his hat and coat and took a chair before the fire. "I wish to be alone," he said, "that is you remain in the room, but no one else need come," and I took pains that he should not be disturbed. He stopped [illegible] and his face between his hands, and peered into the fire. At the end of an hour he turned round with a smile most winning, but inexpressibly sad. There was, too, a look of physical pain. Resting his cheek on one hand, he said: "We are beaten. They don't think it, but we are. I think you will be surprised when the poll is declared tomorrow. You will see that we are well beaten. Who will gain by beating me? England. They don't see it. I see it. And yet those men will rejoice tomorrow because they have won a victory for England." Then he stood up and placed his back to the fireplace. "It will take a long time to pull Ireland together again. But I will pull her together. England is not done with me. Perhaps her next humiliation will be greater than her last."

John, peering into the fire, recalled that Kilkenny scene. After a time he looked around, and said: "We all say, no 'English alliance.' Canon MacCartan said that as strongly as any member of our party, and still we all go on fighting all the time. Even Mr. Dillon says, 'no English alliance. Do we all mean what we say? They did not like Canon MacCartan's speech at the Convention, but if they mean no English alliance they ought to like his speech." Then, after a long pause: "The people are all right. If the real question, 'English or no English alliance?' was put before them in a clear way, no confusion by bringing in anything else but just that one question, then we would know what to do. These alliances with English parties, of which many of us are too fond, are all a mistake."

The time had now come when I had to take my leave. My host accompanied me to the door, talking all the time on this matter of unity in his quiet, resolute, dogged way.

He was a lonely picture all by himself in that big house. Not a sound to be heard anywhere. There he stood, collecting with great thoughtfulness for me, some little things which I wished to carry away as mementos of my visit to the home of Parnell. At his feet stood the faithful little terrier, "Sport," looking up in the most plaintive and melancholy way.

I stepped into the grounds and shook my host's hand, and walked away. I had got a good bit away from the house, when John Parnell called after me across the grass plot in front of the house: "Think, he said, "of a plan of unity—unity among ourselves, and no alliances outside."

I waved my hand adieu, and passed along toward the high road. I stopped at a clump of trees to look back at the house once more, and there still stood John Parnell at the door, erect, bareheaded, thoughtful, looking out into the night, and thinking of a "plan of unity."—Irish Weekly Independent.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

JOHN P. ALTGELD, CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

John P. Altgeld, Governor of Illinois, was born in Prussia in 1848 and came to this country with his parents when a boy, his father settling on a farm near Mansfield, Ohio. He attended the district school when the farm work was not pressing, but at the age of sixteen, enlisted in Co. C. 163d. Ohio Infantry and went to the front, where he participated in the closing campaign of the civil war. Returning home, he spent the next few years in alternately teaching school, study and working as a farm hand. Then he went to St. Louis, where he read law in a desultory way and afterward, in a law office at Savanna, Mo. His industry and faculty for getting to the heart of a subject soon brought him clients and prosperity. In 1874, he was elected prosecuting attorney of Andrew county, but in October of the succeeding year, he resigned this office and removed to Chicago. Then he took little interest in politics for several years, but in 1884, he accepted a nomination for Congress in an overwhelmingly republican district. He was defeated, but by a much reduced republican majority. In 1886, without his solicitation, he was nominated for Superior Judge of Cook county, which, at that time, gave a republican majority of about 12,000. He hesitated sometime before accepting, but finally did so, and so thorough a canvass did he make, and so perfect was his organization, that notwithstanding defections from the democratic party and quarrels within its ranks, he was elected by a large majority, the laboring men being especially active in his interests. He was on the bench nearly five years, being chief Justice of the Superior Court for one year. A multiplicity of private interests compelled him to resign this position in August, 1891. He has become quite wealthy, principally by the buying and selling of real estate in Chicago and investments in street railways. He designed and built a number of the finest business blocks in Chicago. He was nominated for Governor of Illinois on the first ballot in the Democratic convention of 1892, and made two efficient canvassses of the state—a preliminary one, in which he visited every county to ascertain its political condition and give instructions for organization and another to address the people on the issues of the day.

He was triumphantly elected to the surprise of even his own party. For over thirty years, Illinois had been considered safe for 25,000 to 50,000 Republican plurality. While Michigan, Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin, Ohio and other Republican states had at times wandered from the path of Republicanism, it was believed that nothing could affect Illinois. So the Democrats entered the campaign without hopes, but Gov. Altgeld was sanguine of election, and those nearest him, predicted it with confidence. The energy, ability and the talent for organization which he possessed, in a great measure, decided the contest. His promise to the convention that his would be a strictly business administration, is being fulfilled. He is a business man and he applies his business principles to the discharge of his official duties, and he demands qualications, other than party service in the men whom he appoints to office. He has filled the most important places with men of fitness and ability, and the press has generally indorsed his policy. Some years ago, he published a book upon our penal machinery and since then, he has published Live Questions, Vol. 1 and 2. His message to the Thirty-ninth General Assembly is regarded as one of the ablest state papers ever submitted to a legislative body. In 1878, he married Miss Emma Ford, an accomplished lady of Chicago. He received 425,558 votes to 402,676 for Gov. Fifer for Governor.

Organized labor in Chicago, and all the members of the different trades unions in Chicago will probably vote strongly at this election for Gov. Altgeld. His entire administration shows that all organized labor has no truer friend than he, and nearly every member of every labor union in Chicago, is working hard for him. He has made a thorough canvass of Illinois, speaking at every county seat in the state and intends making twenty speeches in Chicago before the close of the campaign. Gov. Altgeld has always been the stanch friend of the Irish people in Chicago, and many of his ardent supporters are men who have been prominently identified with the Irish cause. During his recent visit to New York, he made a speech at Cooper Union, which has been pronounced by the opposition press to have been the ablest exposition of the issues of the campaign, made during the present canvass. The members of the Seventh Regiment (formerly known as the Hibernian Rifles) are among the most ardent admirers of the Governor. He allowed the regiment to be mustered in after the Republican administration had disbanded its predecessor, the old "Irish Second," and another Republican administration had declined to muster the new regiment in.

The Governor is one of the hardest workers and closest students in the country. He frequently works eighteen hours a day, and two or three of his books on labor and other questions, are gems in their way. When the state convention assembled at Peoria last June, he declined a renomination at their hands, declaring at the time, that he did not desire to make the canvass for Governor. He was renominated, however, by acclamation and was forced to accept the nomination. His close attention to business and to state affairs have somewhat impaired his health and he desired time to recuperate, but the convention nominated him by acclamation and he was forced to accept. Politicians of the State and city predict that he will be re-elected, and his friends predict that, if he is re-elected, his administration of the affairs of the office for the coming four years will be as honest and fearless as it has been during his present term.

Division 17, A. O. H.

One of the oldest and most conservative divisions in this State is Div. 17. It is seldom that we read in the A. O. H. notes anything regarding the working of that division, and yet No. 17 is plodding along in a quiet, easy way, and during the past six months has initiated a large number of members. At the next meeting, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 4, the division will give a "smoke," and a cordial invitation is extended to all brothers of the Order, particularly the young men, and a pleasant entertainment will be enjoyed. On Nov. 24 Div. 1, will give a reception and ball at South Side Turner Hall, and the entertainment promises to be one of genuine pleasure.

Notice.

Caterers, etc., would do well to read the advertisement of Div. 8, A. O. H., in another column of this issue, regarding privileges for their ball to be held on Saturday evening, November 14, at Brand's hall.

Innisfail Athletic Club

At a reunion of the Innisfail Athletic club, held at No. 56 State street, on last Saturday night, a most enjoyable time was spent. Medals were presented to the active players of the club for the championship of '95, and addresses, songs and dancing were the order of the hour.

HELD UP A TOWN.

Bandits Do a "Star" Job in the Looting Line.

RAID ON AN OKLAHOMA HAMLET.

Hotel and Stores Robbed While the Citizens Are Terrorized by a Fusillade of Bullets—Three Posses Start on the Hunt for the Thugs, But So Far Have Not Caught Them.

Guthrie, O. T., Oct. 19.—At 9 o'clock Saturday night a band of six unknown desperadoes rode into Carney, twenty miles east of here, and held up the whole town, robbing twelve stores and the post-office, it is reported.

The news was received here by telephone, and only meager particulars were sent.

Further Particulars of the Crime.

Further particulars were received here yesterday of the raid. About 9 o'clock at night six masked and heavily armed outlaws, supposed to have been headed by the notorious "Dynamite Dick," one of the associates of the Daltons and Bill Doolan, rode into the place and literally "held up" the town. Carney is a town of about 300 people. The robbers entered the village from the north with a great show of fire-arms. Two of the outlaws entered the general store of S. Fous and compelled him and his son to open the safe. After securing about $800 from them they bound both the father and son, threw them upon horses and carried them about two miles out of town, where they tied them to a tree.

Raids on Postoffice and Hotel.

In the meantime the rest of the gang had entered the postoffice, but failing to secure anything of value they raided the hotel, compelling the proprietor and several traveling men who were stopping there to turn over their money, watches and jewelry. Several smaller stores were also raided. Before entering Carney the outlaws had taken the precaution to cut the telephone wires leading to Chandler, so that there might be no chance of failure. During the raid the bandits kept up a fusillade of bullets in all directions, terrorizing the inhabitants so that very little effort was made to resist the raiders. It was some time after the bandits had left before order could be restored and an organized pursuit begun.

Gang Heard From, but Still at Large.

Finally, after considerable delay, about 100 armed men began the chase. The pursuers were divided into three bands and went in different directions. At dark last night the bandits had not been overtaken. Early yesterday morning a band of four men, believed to have been members of the gang that raided Carney, appeared at Mulhall, held up a livery stable keeper and compelled him to supply them with a relay of fresh horses. News was also received at the United States marshal's office that two men, supposed to have been members of the gang, had stopped at a farm house about fifteen miles northeast of here and demanded food. Several Unites States deputy marshals headed by Deputy Colcord, are in pursuit.

MISSIONARY WOMEN IN COUNCIL.

Important Gatherings in Annual Convention at Springfield, Ills.

Springfield, Oct. 17.—The forty-eighth annual national convention of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions and twenty-first annual national gathering of the American Christian Missionary and Foreign Christian Missionary societies, convened in the state house yesterday for a seven days' session. Fifteen hundred delegates from all parts of the United States and Canada are present. With the general convention also meets the national gatherings of the board of church extension, board of negro education and evangelization, board of ministerial relief and board of education.

The first session was addressed by Mrs. O. W. Burgess, of Indianapolis, national president. Address of welcome, Mrs. Caroline M. Kane, Springfield; response, Miss Louisa White, Indianapolis; paper, Mrs. A. M. Atkinson, Wabash, Ind. Rev. C. C. Smith, of Akron, O., spoke on "Our Missions in Jamaica." Papers were read by Mrs. Clara E. Babcock, Thompson, Ills.; Mrs. W. S. Keene, Winchester, Ky.; Mrs. Marie Jameson, Indiana; Mrs. Louise Kelly, Kansas, and Miss Mattie Pounds, Indiana.

BIG STEAMER BURNS ON THE LAKE.

Her Crew Taken Off by Life Savers Just in the Nick of Time.

Sturgeon Bay, Wis., Oct. 19.—The big steamer Australasia, owned by James Corrigan, of this city, was burned Saturday night on Lake Michigan, and now lies at the bottom of Whitefish bay. The steamer, which was valued at $60,000, and was loaded with a cargo of 2,000 tons of coal for Milwaukee, caught fire about 11 o'clock at night. The Australasia was then in sight of land. Full steam was put on and an effort made to beach the vessel, the crew in the meantime making a terrific fight against the flames. At last shoal water was reached just as the life-saving crew arrived at the vessel and rescued the officers and men. The Australasia soon afterward sank. The vessel and cargo are counted a total loss.

Wheat Boome at Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—Wheat Saturday made the greatest advance since this rally started early last month, and the best prices were reached. The market was moved up 4c, and there was a still further advance on the "curb." The December future got over 76c, 19c over the starting point of the 8th day of September. December opened from 73½c to 74c, sold between 73½c and 76¼c, and on the "curb" was going at 76¾c. The influences were the same as had been so potent all the week—foreign ones.

Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

Philadelphia, Oct. 15.—The commandery-in-chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States held its annual meeting yesterday in the hall of the Pennsylvania Historical society. Rear Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, U. S. N., was elected commander-in-chief, to succeed the late General John Gibbons.

Fifteen Hundred on Strike.

Columbus, O., Oct. 15.—About 1,500 miners quit work at Corning, refusing to accept a reduction from 81 to 45 cents.

WILL TRY FOR NINE HOURS.

Typographical Union's Proposition—Political Resolution Rescinded.

Colorado Springs, Oct. 16.—The International Typographical Union, in convention assembled on the summit of Pike's Peak, on this 14th day of October, 1896, that we believe in the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and the adoption of laws restoring silver to its rightful place, as the same existed prior to 1873, and this without voting for the consent of any othe nation."

The supporters of Bryan and free silver were largely in the majority, but they thought the adoption of such a resolution would injure the union.

The election of president, vice president and secretary and treasurer were all hotly contested. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing term: President, W. P. Prescott, of Toronto, Ont., re-elected; secretary-treasurer, John M. Bramwood, of Denver; delegates to he American Federation of Labor, which meets in Cincinnati Dec. 8, were chosen. District organizers were elected to look after the interests of the International Typographical union in the sixteen districts into which the United States and Canada are divided.

Trustees for the Childs-Drexel home for infirm printers, situated in this city, were elected as follows: L. C. Shepherd, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; James J. Daly, of Philadelphia; Thomas McCaffery, of Colorado Springs, and J. W. White, of Kansas City. The most important item of business transacted by the convention at the session was the passing of the nine-hour labor law. An effort to pass an eight-hour law was defeated. The nine-hour law has now to be voted by every typographical union in the country before its final adoption. The members of the union unanimously voted $2,500 to prosecute the boycott which Union No. 80, of Kansas City, has declared against a publishing firm of that city. Syracuse was chosen as the place of meeting in 1898.

SUIT OVER A DEAD MAN'S MONEY.

Has Already Cost $40,000 and Nearly 500 Witnesses Have Been Summoned.

Maquoketa, Ia., Oct. 15.—The Mott-Watson case now on trial before Judge C. M. Waterman will forever serve as a criterion for similar for legal battles. The expense of the suit will aggregate $40,000, exclusive of fees. Already nearly 500 witnesses have been summoned and a year's time spent gathering evidence. Mott Watson was a batchelor who died a year ago worth $500,000, and it was generally supposed he had no issue; but on Sept. 3 an alleged illigimate son, George D. Niles, of San Antonio, Tex., and a member of the regular army, appeared to make claim to the entire estate. This is being opposed by the thirty heirs, who claim rights. It is alleged that on the night of his sudden death certain heirs stole into the presence of the dead and robbed the safe of about $15,000 and destroyed papers providing for the illegitimate boy. The prosecution has already spent $12,000 and employed in the case are some fifteen brilliant legal lights. No case in the history of Iowa has attracted such widespread attention and the decision will be anxiously awaited.

DARING MAIL ROBBER CAPTURED.

He Pursued His Business Clad in Postoffice Uniform.

Kansas City, Oct. 20.—A daring robber of the mails has been arrested here by the postal authorities. The culprit is C. H. Hamilton, alias Wallace, and is said to have a criminal record. Hamilton appeared at the Union station wearing the brass buttons and uniform of a railway mail agent. He stepped boldly up to a truck that was standing under the station sheds loaded with mail sacks, and pulled down a letter pouch, throwing it across his arm and stepping into a waiting room.

There he placed the pouch under an overcoat that hung upon his arm, and walked into the street, not knowing that he had been "shadowed." A short time afterward Hamilton was arrested at his hotel. He had cut open the sack and was going through the letters it contained when the officers broke into his room. He had already extracted several small sums of money.

K. of L. Executive Board.

Washington, Oct. 15.—The general executive board of the Knights of Labor concluded its labors here Wednesday and adjourned. The meeting was preliminary to the annual meeting of the order at Rochester on Nov. 10, and for the purpose of arranging the four annual reports. That of Master Workman Sovereign was not considered, as he is absent in the west. The report of Worthy General Foreman Bishop will strongly recommend that a new fight be organized the coming winter for government ownership of railways, telegraph and telephone lines.

Baseballist Whips a Reporter.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 15.—A story is printed here that Pat Tebeau, captain and manager of the Cleveland baseball club, Tuesday night assaulted and badly injured Elmer Pasco, a reporter for an afternoon newspaper. The affair is alleged to have taken place in the barroom of the Kennard House. Tebeau charged Pasco with writing for his paper an exaggerated account of the recent trouble between himself and Left Fielder McAleer. The discussion waxed hot and the lie was soon passed, resulting in Pasco being knocked down by Tebeau.

Six Children Burned to Death.

New Whatcom, Wash., Oct. 16.—The house of J. S. Miller, a farmer living four miles north of Linden, this county, was destroyed by fire and six children were burned to death. Another child and a man named Frank Boise were seriously burned. Miller and his wife were away from home, having gone to New Whatcom to participate in a Populist parade, leaving their children at home in care of Boise, who was visiting them. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Fire at Alexandria.

Alexandria, Va., Oct. 20.—A fire broke out here in the large warehouse of the Alexandria Chemical and Fertilizer works. The total loss is estimated at $100,000, of which $75,000 will fall to the Chemical and Fertilizing company. Fifteen small buildings near the wharves were destroyed. It is believed that the insurance will cover nearly all of the loss.

WHEAT IS SOARING

War Times Recalled by Scenes in the Exchanges.

UP OVER FOUR CENTS AT NEW YORK

Amid Great Excitement Among the Bulls and Bears—Loses Some of the Rise at the Close—Chicago Has Similar Experiences in the Way of Wild Speculators—Another Jump Takes Place at San Francisco—Consternation at London.

New York, Oct. 20.—There is apparently no end to the sensational developments connected with the present bull campaign in wheat. Yesterday the market eclipsed all previous efforts by rising 4½ cents at the opening. The jump was attended by wild excitement. Commission houses had more than the usual number of outside orders, the advance having attracted the attention of the speculative public. Local traders were also eager buyers, and foreign houses followed suit. The result was an avalanche of buying orders that fairly turned the wheat pit topsy-turvey. The excitement was increased by private cables announcing a 6-cent advance in Liverpool, with heavy speculative activity. By noon local transactions had run up to 11,000,000 bushels, and for the entire day they reached the total of 20,105,000 bushels.

Prices Drop in the Afternoon.

The afternoon was marked by a tendency to take profits on early purchases and prices lost 2 cents a bushel, or half the local advance, closing from 2⅜ to 2⅞ net higher than Saturday night. December opened at 85⅞, against 81⅝ Saturday, sold up to 86½ and dropped back to 84¼, closing at 84⅝. Old traders said that the bulge beat anything they had seen in years. Busines all over the floor was temporarily suspended to watch the battle between the bulls and bears, while crowds of speculators in the galleries showed evidence of the widespread interest now manifested in the wheat market.

No Failures Reported Yet.

No failures were reported during change hours. Only the hardiest of the local element dared trust themselves in the market and the short interest has been reduced to the minimum. Scalpers jumped in and out of the market all day, pocketing small losses and generally reaping good profits. Everybody was imbued with the bull fever. Corn and oats and provisions all made big advances during the afternoon. Houses with private wires to Chicago and other centers reported a very heavy business. About 300,000 bushels were bought for export at the close.

CHICAGO VETERANS ASTONISHED.

No Such a Wild Market Seen Since the Times of the War.

Chicago, Oct. 20.—Wheat showed an advance yesterday morning on the strength of foreign reports and even veterans in the trade were astonished at the turn affairs took. Old board [illegible] men declared that not since the war times have such wild markets been seen and they point at yesterday as a wild opening and recent prices as events in confirmation of their statements. Opening as the morning did with a big jump from Saturday's prices and reports from Liverpool of an unparalleled rise in prices there the speculators had a good opportunity to watch the effect of the persistent bulling of the market.

A Portland message said that the export movement from that port last week amounted to 500,000 bushels, which was the largest week on record. The world's shipments were about 1,000,000 less than last week. Reports from all quarters indicate a gloomy outlook for the bears. The Danube shipments fell off 3,600,000 bushels to less than 2,000,000. Northwestern receipts were again smaller than last week of last year, and in reviewing the situation the opinion was advanced that there was to be a decided shortage in the world's supply of breadstuffs, and, in consequence, the importing countries are competing with each other to get possession of the available visible supply at the earliest possible moment.

Armour is thought to have been one of the heaviest buyers yesterday. He was on the selling side last week around 70c for December wheat, but it is said that in doing this he has only repeated former tactics, for not long ago he sold out the bulk of his hoidings around 65c and the market subsequently went up to 82c. His buying yesterday was accepted, as an indication that he has met with a change of mind and believes higher prices will follow.

Goes Higher Than Ever at 'Frisco.

San Francisco, Oct. 20.—Upon continued stron news from other parts of the world, the local wheat market recovered at the opening yesterday morning from the set-back at Saturday's close and went higher than before. At 9:15 May option opened at 1.55½ per cental and rose to 1.58, but toward the close of the call there was a decline to 1.56⅝. December opened at 1.55 and all the sales were at that price. The total transactions in both options at this session were 103,000 centals. Notwithstanding the marked advance over the highest price of last Saturday, amounting to 6½c per cental for May and 4c for December, there was less excitement among dealers.

Consternation at London.

London, Oct. 20.—The financial article in The Times says: "The receipt of the cable advices from America giving the price of wheat caused a scene almost of consternation on the exchange, such as is not usually seen except in war times. A large business was done, Californian selling at 36 shillings per quarter; maize and barley were also in brisk demand. The rise appears to be due to the sales of American wheat for India, which frightened the speculators a good deal. Cautious observers think the rise of 5 shillings per quarter for the week fully discounts the effect of the abnormal Indian demand."

Tynan's Release Is Unconditional.

Boulogne-Sur-Mer, Oct. 16.—Tynan's release is unconditional, and he can remain in France if he wishes. The news of his release was communicated to him by the secretary of the prefecture and the commissary. He was delighted and thanked his jailers for their kindness during his detention.

FRUIT REPORT FOR OCTOBER.

Apples Are So Abundant That the Markets Are Glutted.

Washington, Oct. 16.—The October fruit report of the agricultural department shows a heavy apple crop and an especially fine quality in the northern tier of states. Prices are extremely low. This is particularly the case in Michigan, where the markets are glutted. The disastrous storm of the last week in September did much damage to fruit along the Atlantic coast. The loss was particularly heavy in parts of Pennslyvania and New York. Some complaint of the dropping of fruit comes from the middle west.

The October returns on hops show an increase in New York and Wisconsin and a heavy decrease in the Pacific states. There is a languishing condition of the hop-growing industry, particularly in the latter region. Many yards throughout the country have been neglected, and a part of the crop will not be harvested. The continued low price is the reason for this neglect.

The report says that in view of the great increase in the production of malted liquors this condition of things ought not exist, and adds: "It is, however, but another instance of the injury to the farming industry brought about through the substitution of chemical for the more healthful agricultural agent in manufacture, which seems the inevitable trend of invention."

LAKE STEAMER SUNK.

The Grand Traverse in Collision with the Livingstone.

Amhertsburg, Ont., Oct. 20.—The steamer Grand Traverse of the Lackawanna line and the steamer Livingstone collided early Monday morning near Colchester light. The Grand Traverse sank immediately, the crew being taken off by the Livingstone. There is nothing to be seen of the sunken boat but the spar and smokestack. The Livingstone's prow was badly crushed, but she turned about and returned to Detroit, with the rescued sailors aboard.

The Grand Traverse after being laid up most of the season, went into commission at noon Sunday, and had not been in commission twenty-four hours before she was sunk. The Livingstone had been out of commission, but was loaded with grain at Armour's Friday. The Grand Traverse was insured for $25,000. She was built in 1879, and measured 869 tons. She belonged to a class of vessels now out of date for money making, and her owners will not suffer much, if any loss.

Resignation of Surgeon Hamilton.

Washington, Oct. 16.—The resignation of Surgeon Hamilton of the Marine hospital service at Chicago has been received by the president and accepted at once. In the controversy which has existed between Surgeon Hamilton and Surgeon General Wyman ever since the latter succeeded Dr. Hamilton as the head of the bureau the treasury officials always have sided with Dr. Wyman, and have given him their full support, and the statement is made on high authority that no exception will be made in the present instance.

Masonic Home Damaged by Fire.

Wichita, Kan., Oct. 20.—The 80's Masonic home, recently dedicated, caught fire Sunday morning. Smoke, water, and hatchets of the firemen have damaged the place badly. Valuable Masonic relics, books, and furniture have been practically destroyed. The origin of the fire is unknown. The building cost $120,000.

Death of Editor Howell.

Keokuk, Ia., Oct. 20.—Jessie B. Howell, for twenty-five years business manager, and part owner of the Gate City newspaper, died Monday morning, aged 45.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.

Money on call nominally 4@6 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 6@8 per cent.; sterling exchange weak, with actual business in bankers' bills at 485½@485¾ for demand and 480@483¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 481¼@482¼ and 484½@485; commercial bills, 479½.

Bar silver, 65½c; Mexican dollars, 50¼.

United States government bonds firm; 4's registered, 114⅝; do coupons, 116; 5's registered, 108½; do coupons, 107½; 4's registered, 108½; do coupons, 107½; 2's registered 98½; Pacific 6's of '97, 101.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Oct. 19.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: October, opened 77¾c, closed 76¾c; December, opened 78¾c, closed 77½c; May, opened 73¼c, closed 82¼c. Corn—October, opened 26c, closed 25¾c; December, opened 27½c, closed 26½c; May, opened 30¾c, closed 29¼c. Oats—October, opened 19, closed 18¾c; December, opened 20¼c, closed 19¼c; May, opened 22¾c, closed 22¼c. Pork—October, nominal, closed $7.17½; December, opened $7.27½, closed $7.17½. Lard—October, nominal, closed $4.35.

Produce — Butter: Extra creamery 18 per lb; extra dairy, 16c; fresh packing, stock, 6@7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 16½c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 8@9c per lb.; chickens (hens), 6½c; spring chickens, 6½; roosters, 4½c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, $4.00@6.75. Potatoes—Burbanks, 19@22c per bu.; Hebron, 17@20c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.00@1.25 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 13@14c lb; broken combs, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Apples—Common to fancy, 60c@$1.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Oct. 19.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 41,000; sales ranged at $3.25@3.55 pigs, $3.10@3.57½ light $3.00@3.20 rough packing, $3.15@3.55 mixed, and $3.25@3.45 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 20,000; quotations ranged at $4.85@5.20 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.55@4.90 good to choice do, $4.20@4.65 fair to good, $3.60@4.10 common to medium do, $3.40@3.90 butchers steers, $2.65@3.80 stockers, $3.50@3.90 feeders, $1.80@2.40 cows, $2.40@3.90 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.60@3.15 Texas steers, $3.10@4.00 western rangers, and $3.00@5.35 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 21,000; sales ranged at $2.00@3.25 western $1.75@2.80 Texans, $1.50@3.40 natives, and $2.75@4.75 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE Oct. 19.

Wheat—No 2 spring, 78c; No. 1 northern, 78c; December, 76¾c. Corn—No 3, 25½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 20½c; No. 3 do. 17@19½c. Barley—No. 2, 36@37c; samples, 27@35c. Rye—No. 1, 41c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 19.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 80c; track, 80@82c; No. 2 hard cash 71c; nominal; December, 70¾c bid; May, 85⅛@85½c bid. Corn — No. 2 cash, 24½c; December, 24¼c; May, 27½c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 17c asked; May, 22½c. Rye—37@38c track.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Oct. 19.

Wheat—Cash white, 82½c bid; cash red, 82½c bid; December, 84½c bid; May, 89½c bid.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

Chicago, Oct. 16.—Blue Island, Ills., is at once indignant and jubilant. The five firebugs who are responsible for the long series of incediary fires in the town, nearly wiping it out of existence, are known. Four of them are under arrest, and two have made full confessions. The men are former members of the volunteer fire department, who tried by incendiary means to scare the town into organizing a paid fire department, in which they hoped to hold positions. The men under arrest are:

George Duschene, arrested Monday and locked up at the Desplaines street station this city; Tony Maddy, arrested Saturday and locked up at the same station; Emil Polsen, a saloon keeper and ex-chief of the volunteer fire department, arrested Wednesday afternoon and locked up at the Central station, this city; Fred Vogt, tailor, arrested Wednesday afternoon and brought to Chicago. George Chorland, another member of the gang, is said to be in northern Wisconsin. Deputy Sheriff Deitrich has left with a warrant for his arrest.

Woman Bared the Plot.

It was a woman who gained the evidence which lead to the arrest of this remarkable gang of firebugs. Her name is guarded as a profound secret, but Inspector Shea, Fire Marshal Conway, and the other officials agree that she is pretty, clever, and attractive. Suspicion was directed toward the men afterward arrested, and she started out to get evidence. She rode a wheel into Blue Island, allowed it to break down in front of Tony Maddy's machine shop. His assistance was called, and the two soon became acquainted. The mysterious woman soon made him fall a victim to her wiles, and he told her about the plot and those who were connected with it. Maddy was then arrested and a partial confession secured from him. George Duschene's arrest followed, and he told the whole story, after much pressure on the part of Inspector Shea.

The fires have been going on for the past year and a half, the most serious one being that of May 17 last, when the town was nearly destroyed. By the use of dynamite the progress of the blaze was checked after a loss of about $150,000. The five firebugs were responsible for nearly all these.

Polsen Said To Be the Leader.

Polsen is said to have been the leader in the plans. He expected to be appointed chief of the paid department when it was organized. The fire of last May brought the citizens around to having a paid department, but the firebugs failed in getting positions.

The first fires were in barns. They were started with kindling, soaked with kerosene. Polsen furnished the kerosene, and planned the work. The others executed it. The fires all occurred between midnight and 3 o'clock. When the citizens arrived on the scene they always found the members of the volunteer department working hard to extinguish the flames. This diverted suspicion at first, but it afterward fastened itself upon the guilty men. Outside assistance was called in. A reward of $1,500 was offered—$500 by the citizens and $1,000 by an insurance company. The arrests are the result of work since last May.

Woman's Board of Missions.

Springfield, Ills., Oct. 19.—The second day's session of the forty-eighth national convention of the Christian Women's Board of Missions Saturday was attended by 1,200 delegates. Devotional exercises were led by Mrs. F. J. Longdon of Florida. Mrs. W. T. Moore of Missouri made an address on "The Equator or the North Pole—Which?" Mrs. Luella Wilcox of St. Clair, Mo., read a paper on "Missionary Martyrs." Mrs. Antionette Thurgood of Pennsylvania led the closing devotional exercises.

Fatally Burned While Saving Her Babes.

Springfield, Ills., Oct. 20.—A horrible accident is reported from New Berlin, a small village a few miles west of this city. Mrs. Andrew Groves resides three miles south of there. In passing some burning brush the clothing of her two small children caught fire from the brush. The mother went to save them; her own clothing caught fire and she was burned so severely that she died in six hours after being taken to the home of a neighboring farmer. The lives of the children were saved.

Killed on a Railway Crossing.

Bushnell, Ills., Oct. 19.—While driving over the "Q" crossing in a deep cut on Main street at Prairie City, six miles north of here, Tom Kane was instantly killed and George Valeet seriously injured by a train. A Democratic rally was held there and the noise drowned the sound of the approaching train.

Costly Fire at Good Hope, Ills.

Good Hope, Oct. 17.—Fire here last evening originated in and burned four frame buildings at a loss of $55,000, no insurance. The fire originated from a rocket fired during a parade at a political rally. Joe Greenleaf fell off a hotel roof and was seriously cut about the head, but will recover.

Illinois Bankers Adjourn.

Springfield, Oct. 16.—The State Bankers' association finished its sixth annual session yesterday and adjourned to meet in October, 1897. The following officers were elected: President, Frank Elliott, Jacksonville; secretary, Edward Tilden, Chicago.

State Notes.

Senator Gillham's son declares the story of Wyatt's confession of the murder of Senator Gillham a fake. He declares Wyatt made no such confession.

Burglary has become so easy, safe and profitable in Chicago that the work of equalizing possessions is conducted during daylight and wagons are used to carry off the plunder.

John Finn, Sr., born in Ireland, for the past fifty years a well-known citizen living near Virgia, Ills., was almost instantly killed by being run over by a loaded wagon.

Karl Seeberg, a house servant at the home of H. N. Higinbotham, Chicago, was found dead in a bath tub in the servants' quarters. He is supposed to have fainted, allowing his mouth to fall under water.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Oct. 14.

Helen Kellar, blind, deaf and without sense of taste and smell, has passed the Harvard examination with credit. She will enter Radcliffe (Hartford annex) at a younger age than most freshmen.

Archduke Heinrich drove into a bicycle parade at Vienna and was horsewhipped by one of the female riders.

Fire at Great Barrington, Mass., destroyed the Kennedy hotel and a large part of the business section of the town. Loss, $150,000.

On the steamship Trave, which sailed from New York for Europe yesterday, there are 150,000 ounces of silver.

Prince Michael Hilkoff, imperial minister of ways and communications, both by rail and water, of the Russian empire, is in Chicago, the guest of prominent railroad and business men.

The Boston art commission has rejected MacMonnies' statue of "A Bacchante," intended for the public library of that city, because it is not "suitable to the public library building."

A Milwaukee traveling man and his Indiana fiance are to be married Nov. 4 in the event of McKinley's election. The engagement is to be broken and both agree never to marry should Bryan be elected.

Thursday, Oct. 15.

The eleventh annual convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew of the United States is in session in Trinity church, Pittsburg, with 300 delegates present.

Dr. Edward Holmes, president of the Rush Medical college, Chicago, has returned from a trip abroad. He is fully recovered in health and will resume his college duties next week.

Descendants of Jacob Royer, who settled on the site of St. Louis early in the present century, have decided to bring suit for a large tract of real estate in the heart of the Missouri metropolis worth $60,000,000.

L. B. Johnson, a switchman employed by the Chicago and Northwestern railroad at Chicago, was run down by an engine in the yards at West Fortieth street, and received injuries which may result in his death.

It is rumored that a new Roman Catholic province is to be created in New York state and that the new archbishop will be Right Reverend John J. Keane.

Friday, Oct. 16.

Dr. Herman Rakenius, of Chicago, who has been trying ever since last April to secure the possession of his two children, Elsa, a girl of 15, and Carl, a boy of 12, has been awarded their custody by Country Commissioner Harpen at Milwaukee.

Seven tickets filed with the secretary of state of Missouri will appear on the official ballot.

Mrs. Lizzie Cline, aged 70, has brought suit at Perry, O. T., against her husband, C. A. Cline, who is aged 73, for divorce. The couple were pioneers in Ohio, and were married fifty years ago.

Prince Michael Hilkoff, imperial minister of ways and communication of Russia, spent a day in Pittsburg looking over the Carnegie and other plants.

The Bancroft, concerning whose trip to the Mediterranean sensational reports have been published, has arrived at Smyrna.

Saturday, Oct. 17.

In Detroit there is an increase in the registration of 5,879 over 1892, when the total was 48,496.

The Merchants' bank, one of the oldest and for many years soundest financial institutions in Atlanta, has made an assignment.

Miss Rita and Josie B., Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes' double team, pacers, lowered the world's record from 2:11½ to 2:09¼ at Lexington, Ky.

Business will be resumed on the Chicago Stock Exchange Nov. 5. The trouble over Diamond match stock closed this concern last August.

All the bells in England tolled yesterday during the funeral of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. He was buried in Canterbury cathedral.

J. W. Cowley & Co., wholesale jobbers of cigars at Chicago, have failed. The assets are placed at $10,000 and the liabilities at double that amount.

The total registration at New York for two days was 210,200.

The rumor that Paderewski has become insane is denied by the musician's friends in New York.

Monday, Oct. 19.

The biggest verdict ever given in New Jersey for personal damages was awarded by a jury in the Union county court. George M. Grant, of Jersey City, was allowed $51,527.05 for injuries received on the New York, Susquehanna and Western railroad on Jan. 31, 1895.

Cashier J. D. Walker, of the Port Royal, S. C., bank, has absconded with $10,000 in cash. His books show that he is short in his accounts $30,000.

Professor L. L. Dyche, of Kansas, has returned from Alaska, and says that physical changes are taking place in that section that will give it a hospitable climate in time.

Henry E. Abbey, of the theatrical firm of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, died Saturday at his apartments in the Osborne, New York city. Abbey was a leader in his line of business.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew has closed its convention at Pittsburg. The gathering was very interesting and there were 592 delegates present.

More

Medical value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation.

More skill, more care, more expense in manufacture. It costs proprietor and dealer

More but it costs the consumer *less*, as he gets more doses for his money.

More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion and process,

More wonderful cures effected, more testimonials, more sales and more increase. Many more reasons why you should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A CORRECT SHOWING.

Chicago, Oct. 19, 1896.—[Special.]—Notwithstanding the fact that the ballot being taken by the Chicago Record has been boycotted by silver men throughout Chicago and the west, and that the returns received indicate that it has been boycotted and ignored, it shows conclusively when analyzed that Mr. Bryan will sweep Illinois and the central western states. The returns from Cook county, when analyzed, as they have been below, show that he will carry Cook county by 30,000 majority; that he will carry the state outside of Cook county by 50,000 majority; and that he will have a total majority in the entire state of more than 80,000. While The Record's ballot is not a fair test, and cannot be a fair test of the strength of the silver sentiment in Chicago and the country, it shows indisputably that wherever a Democrat is voting for McKinley more than voting for Bryan.

twice that number of Republicans are

The following table, taken from The Record, and indorsed by the gentlemen in charge of the ballot, proves this to be true:

Chicago.	Bryan.		McKinley.		Palmer.	
1st ward	600	192 .32	954	189 .20	76	.13
2nd "	309	101 .32	1,336	259 .19	44	.14
3rd "	292	92 .31	1,732	322 .19	50	.17
4th "	381	114 .30	2,120	372 .17	63	.17
5th "	292	69 .24	845	134 .20	8	.03
6th "	201	61 .23	592	149 .25	12	.04
7th "	172	45 .25	492	128 .26	4	.02
8th "	248	53 .21	353	94 .27	..	..
9th "	267	50 .19	562	135 .24	7	.03
10th "	324	100 .31	1,145	256 .22	19	.06
11th "	398	82 .28	1,118	198 .18	16	.05
12th "	391	117 .30	2,333	377 .16	63	.16
13th "	290	98 .33	1,326	209 .17	24	.08
14th "	274	72 .28	1,119	231 .20	25	.09
15th "	352	107 .30	1,145	231 .20	19	.05
16th "	221	45 .20	711	184 .26	10	.05
17th "	167	48 .29	348	49 .14	7	.04
18th "	348	109 .31	550	132 .22	23	.07
19th "	394	88 .22	675	161 .24	27	.07
20th "	162	44 .27	553	118 .21	17	.10
21st "	165	31 .19	657	141 .21	20	.12
22nd "	216	54 .25	609	199 .33	35	.16
23rd "	238	64 .27	670	105 .16	8	.03
24th "	245	67 .27	938	213 .23	39	.16
25th "	204	55 .27	1,690	321 .19	55	.29
26th "	277	64 .23	1,151	258 .22	19	.07
27th "	100	29 .29	547	87 .16	14	.14
28th "	148	39 .26	479	73 .15	10	.07
29th "	223	50 .22	390	97 .24	8	.04
30th "	360	104 .29	1,363	241 .18	28	.08
31st "	193	58 .30	1,193	173 .15	31	.16
32nd "	224	74 .33	1,982	342 .17	59	.26
33rd "	301	53 .26	518	95 .13	5	.02
34th "	250	90 .36	1,788	267 .15	49	.20
Cicero...	38	19 .50	379	49 .13	12	.30
Totals	9,170	2,527 .27	34,550	6,589 .19	906	.10

Note.—The column to the right of Bryan vote shows number of Bryan voters who voted for Harrison in 1892; the next column gives percentage. The column to the right of McKinley vote shows the number of McKinley voters who voted for Cleveland in 1892, and the next column gives this in percentage. The column to the right of the Palmer vote gives the percentage of Bryan vote cast by Palmer voters.

The above table shows the votes cast and counted in the Chicago Record's postal card election as it appears in that paper of Tuesday, Oct. 13. Alongside of the vote cast for Bryan and McKinley is placed the number of those voting who voted for the opposition candidate in 1892. It will be seen that twenty-seven out of every 100 who voted for Bryan voted for Harrison in 1892, while only nineteen out of every 100 who voted for McKinley voted for Cleveland in 1892. Here is a net gain of 8 per cent. for Mr. Bryan.

It will also be seen that ten votes are cast for Palmer to every 100 cast for Bryan. This table also shows that these changes from Harrison to Bryan and Cleveland to McKinley are in favor of Mr. Bryan in Cicero and twenty-five of the thirty-four wards of the city. If the percentage of changes, as shown herein, are a correct index of what may be expected of the voters of Chicago and Cook county, Mr. Bryan will sweep Chicago by a splendid vote. On a basis of the 1892 vote, giving him 50 per cent. of the Prohibitionists, and all the Populists, and taking from him 10 per cent. of his vote which will go to Palmer, as shown by this table, he will have a plurality over McKinley of 30,534 votes in Cook county.

In The Record of Wednesday, Oct. 14, the vote of Illinois outside of Cook county, and the changes from Harrison to Bryan and Cleveland to McKinley are given, showing a net gain of a little less than 11 per cent. for Bryan. In this report Mr. Palmer's vote is 5 per cent. of the vote cast for Bryan. Taking the vote of 1892 as a basis, giving one-half of the Prohibitionists and all the Populists to Bryan, and taking away from him 5 per cent. for the Palmer vote, and it gives Mr. Bryan a plurality outside of Cook county of 49,643. Combining this plurality with that of Cook county, viz.: 30,534, and we have the magnificent total of 80,177 plurality for Mr. Bryan in the entire state.

INFAMOUS INTIMIDATION

Is Attempted by Dugald Crawford at St. Louis, but Fails.

On Saturday, the 10th, Dugald Crawford, proprietor of the great department store of D. Crawford & Co., of St. Louis, discharged twelve of his employes, some of whom had been in his employ for many years, because they confessed, when he questioned them upon the subject, that they favored the free coinage of silver and intended to vote for Bryan. Crawford is a Scotchman, and, although he has done business in St. Louis for thirty years, he was but recently naturalised. He is a Republican and an advocate of the gold standard. In discharging these men he declared that "No anarchist shall breathe the air of my establishment," and told them, further, to go out and tell their friends they had been dismissed because they favored free silver. In an interview given out to The Globe-Democrat, the local Republican organ, in which he tells how angry he became when he learned "these vipers," as he called his employes, were going to vote against his "interests," Crawford bluntly says:

"Finally I ordered my men in the office to make out a list of the silver men in my employ. When it was completed there were twelve names on the list that we were sure of, and developments have shown that we made no mistake."

This outrage raised a perfect furor of indignation in St. Louis. Within an hour after it became generally known private citizens contributed nearly $2,000 to a fund to prosecute Crawford for intimidation under both the federal and state law, and Governor Johnson, the ablest criminal lawyer in the state, was employed by the Democratic state committee to conduct the prosecution. The labor organizations took prompt action in denouncing the outrage, the papers were full of threats from the people to stop their patronage of Crawford's store and such a storm was rasied about Crawford's ears as he never heard before. Tuseday afternoon, realizing that discretion is the better part of valor, Crawford published a letter of repentance in The Post-Dispatch, in which he says:

"I have invited all of the men to return to my store and to occupy their former several positions without prejudice as regards the future, and without loss of salary since they left my employ.

"A man in anger often makes mistakes, but I do not believe he loses any of his manhood by admitting his error. I desire every man in my employ to vote as he pleases, but I believe that every man who carefully studies existing conditions should vote for McKinley. To allow all of my employes to vote as they please and have ample time to do so I have decided to close the store of D. Crawford & Co. at 1 p. m. on Nov. 3."

The issuing of a warrant for his arrest has caused many a criminal besides Crawford to "repent of his error," but "repentance" of this kind does not stop prosecution. Before Crawford is through with this matter he will have learned that he does not absolutely own the men who work for their wages and without whose services he could not even open his store, much less do business.

THOMAS GARFIELD FOR SILVER.

Brother of the Martyred President Repudiates Republican Policies.

Mr. Thomas Garfield, the only brother of the late President James A. Garfield, and a life-long Republican, has written the following letter for publication:

"Jamestown, Mich., Oct. 9, 1896.—The Hon. E. C. Watkins, Chairman Union Silver State Central Committee, Grand Rapids—Dear Sir: I am diametrically opposed to allowing England or any European power, or any other power, to be consulted or to dictate in any way our financial policy. I am in favor of all the gold and silver produced by this country being used equally as money and treated alike at our mints. I am in favor of capital, but am opposed to having capitalists hoarding their money in a national bank vault or investing it in government bonds. I want capital put where it will do work. I was proud to be a Republican when Republican principles were voiced by Abraham Lincoln, President Grant, John A. Logan and James A. Garfield, but I am opposed to having the principles of the Republican party voiced by the banker-bondholders of Lombard and Wall streets, through their agent, Mark Hanna. I am an American, hence I am opposed to consulting any other power in our American policy, especially in finances.

"THOMAS GARFIELD."

Is Justice Harlan an Anarchist?

Justice Harlan of the supreme court is a Republican. When the court changed its mind, declared the income tax law unconstitutional and ruled that the rich should not be taxed in proportion to their wealth, Justice Harlan, in a dissenting opinion, scored them in the following emphatic terms:

"While I have no doubt that congress will find some means of surmounting the present crisis, my fear is that in some moment of national peril this decision will rise up to frustrate its will and paralyze its arm. I hope it may not prove the first step toward the submergence of the liberties of the people in a sordid despotism of wealth. Believing, as I do, that the decision of the court in this great case is fraught with immeasurable danger to the future of the country, and approaches the proportions of a national calamity, I feel it a duty to enter my protest against it."

Justice Harlan was only one of four justices who dissented from the income tax decision. If the views of any one of them had been incorporated in the Chicago platform the organs of wealth would have clamored for President Cleveland to call out the troops and imprison the platform committee for sedition.

MAJOR CONNOLLY'S CAMPAIGN.

In the Seventeenth district Major James A. Connolly is making an admirable campaign and will be re-elected. All the reports to Republican headquarters confirm this opinion, and the Decatur Republican says of the canvass:

"Major Connolly has proved himself to be one of the ablest men sent to congress from this state for a quarter of a century, taking high rank as a leader in the house from the first. The people of this district are fully acquainted with these facts and appreciate the advantage the district would have should the Republicans succeed to power, which they surely will, by being represented by a gentleman who has the ability to be a leader in shaping legislation and restoring the principles advocate by the party by enacting them into law and placing them upon the statute books. Major Connolly is a sound-minded, patriotic citizen, who desires the restoration of the prosperity of the country through the re-enactment of proper tariff laws, a prosperity which will, as it always has, benefited all the people by opening the way for the safe investment of capital where it will employ American labor at good prices, which in turn will restore the farmers' home market by giving the farmers' customers power to buy the products of the farm instead of begging them or starving, and restoring again the trade of that great class of middle men through whom in prosperous times the earnings of the wage-earner and his employer are exchanged for the products of the soil. In other words, Major Connolly is an American who believes in his own country and believes in legislating for it and leaving legislation for the benefit of other countries who are our competitors to those countries themselves. He believes in "sound money" because he knows that on a fluctuating currency in the control of a visionary administration business would not be put upon a safe and prosperous basis."

Others are affected by what I am and say and do—and these others have also their spheres of influence—so that a single act of mine may spread in widening circles through a nation of humanity.—Channing.

GOVERNORS' FLYING SQUADRON.

Tour of Cullom, Oglesby, Beveridge, Fifer, Hamilton and Tanner.

On the morning of Oct. 22 at 8 o'clock a train will leave Chicago over the Alton road, which will carry upon it one of the most picturesque forces ever organized or sent through this state by the Republican party of Illinois.

The "Governors' Flying Squadron" is the title under which a number of statesmen of the Republican party who have made history in this state, and history of which the people of Illinois are proud, will give the voters of this state a few facts and object lessons on the issues of this campaign. This legend is borne on the poster upon which the trip of the ex-governors is announced to the public:

"It is beyond all reasonable human hope that these magnificent old leaders of the Republican party will ever again be able to make such a tour of the state to meet the people and discuss the momentous questions now at issue, and to see face to face those whom they so long and honorably served in positions of the highest trust and honor."

The ex-governors' party will be constituted as follows: Hon. Richard J. Oglesby, Hon. John L. Beveridge, Hon. Shelby M. Cullom, Hon. John M. Hamilton, Hon. Joseph W. Fifer, Hon. John C. Smith, and Hon. Lyman B. Ray, and Hon. John R. Tanner, the next governor of Illinois. These are men whose records are interwoven in the history of Illinois, and a compliment has been paid to ex-United States Senator C. B. Farwell for the same reason by inviting him to take part with the others as an active participant in the proposed demonstration. Among the other guests of honor are Hons. M. A. Hanna, Charles G. Dawes, William H. Hahn, A. B. Cummings, and A. C. Payne, all of the national committee, and Judge Isaac N. Phillips of Bloomington, Ills. The train will be in charge of James R. B. Van Cleave, secretary of the Republican state central committee; T. N. Jamieson, national committeeman for Illinois, and Charles S. Rannells, chairman of the executive committee of the state Republican central committee. The train will consist of two baggage cars, two sleepers, an observation car, and a long flat car, which will serve the dual purpose of a speaker's rostrum at the various stopping points and a gun carriage for the famous cannon, which will awake the echoes through Illinois for the ex-governors as lustily as it did for the "Patriotic Heroes' Battalion." The battery will be in charge of Major Alfred Russell of Battery D, Captain James J. Healy, and Major James E. Stuart. Additional provisions for salutes and other demonstrations of a patriotic order over those which characterize the trip of the "Patriotic Heroes' Battalion" are provided for this trip.

Briefly summed up, the course of the governors' excursion will run through the state over the three railroads mentioned, as follows: South on the Alton, across on the Wabash, and back, north on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. The itinerary of the trip is as follows:

THE ALTON—Oct. 22.

City—	Arrive.	Leave.
Chicago	.....	8:05 a. m.
Joliet	9:35 a. m.	10:25 a. m.
Braidwood	10:57 a. m.	11:17 a. m.
Gardner	11:25 a. m.	11:45 a. m.
Dwight	12:01 p. m.	12:30 p. m.
Pontiac	12:58 p. m.	1:43 p. m.
Lexington	2:10 p. m.	2:40 p. m.
Bloomington	3:10 p. m.	4:10 p. m.
Lincoln	5:05 p. m.	5:50 p. m.
Springfield	6:45 p. m.	.....

WABASH RAILROAD—Oct. 23

Jacksonville, stop over night.

City—	Arrive.	Leave.
Jacksonville	.....	8:00 a. m.
Bluffs	8:30 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
Griggsville	9:25 a. m.	9:55 a. m.
Barry	10:25 a. m.	11:05 a. m.
Hulls	11:25 a. m.	.....

C. B. AND Q. RAILWAY.

City—	Arrive.	Leave.
Hulls	.....	11:40 a. m.
Quincy	12:00 m.	1:00 p. m.
Augusta	2:00 p. m.	2:45 p. m.
Macomb	3:25 p. m.	4:25 p. m.
Bushnell	4:40 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
Monmouth	5:31 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
Galesburg	7:15 p. m.	.....

Oct. 24—

City—	Arrive.	Leave.
Galesburg	.....	9:00 a. m.
Galva	9:35 a. m.	10:05 a. m.
Neponset	10:30 a. m.	11:01 a. m.
Princeton	11:30 a. m.	12:00 m.
Mendota	12:30 p. m.	1:30 p. m.
Sandwich	2:50 p. m.	2:45 p. m.
Plano	2:55 p. m.	3:40 p. m.
Aurora	4:00 p. m.	5:00 p. m.
Naperville	5:15 p. m.	7:45 p. m.
Downer's Grove	5:55 p. m.	6:25 p. m.
Hinsdale	6:35 p. m.	7:05 p. m.
Riverside	7:15 p. m.	7:45 p. m.
Chicago	8:15 p. m.	.....

At the various places at which stops will be made, as shown above, there will be massmeetings, which will be addressed by speakers sent out by the state central committee before the arrival and after the departure of the governor's flying squadron, and also during the stop addresses will be given by the members of the governor's party.

Always in the history of the world the men who have attacked the possessors of special privileges, the leaders who have ranked humanity higher than wealth, have met the charge of demagogy. Cromwell and his followers were demagogues in the estimation of the lords and gentlemen of England. Jefferson met bravely the reproach of demagogy when, as a member of the Virginia house of burgesses, he checked, as he believed for the time, the development of an American aristocracy by prohibiting laws in recognition of entailment and primogeniture. The world has never harbored more conspicuous demagogues than William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, nor in the crisis of today are the prosperous tory merchants of Boston more harmoniously united in antagonism to the men who are fighting for the freedom of all labor than were they in 1858 to those who preached from dingy printing offices and on street corners the revolutionary doctrine that black men should not be enslaved.—New York Journal.

The following remarkable alphabetical ad. appeared in an issue of the London Times away back in 1842: "To Widowers and Single Gentlemen—Wanted, by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is agreeable, becoming, careful, desirable, English, facetious, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, keen, lively, merry, natty, obedient, philosophic, quiet, rosy faced, sociable, tasteful, useful, vivacious, womanish, Xantippish, youthful, zealous, etc."—St. Louis Republic.

EUGENE FIELD'S HOME.

His Many Queer Clocks and His Library of Rare Books.

One should not always judge a man by his house, but in the case of Eugene Field it seemed as if his house were a part of him. It is an old fashioned two story farmhouse with a wide porch, to which has been added a large circular wing with an outside chimney such as the southerners love. As you enter the hall you notice an elaborately ornamented old English tall clock of the kind usually known in this country as "grandfather's clock." It is one of three such clocks in the house; a second stands on a stair landing, after the manner of Longfellow's "Old Clock On the Stair," and a third was in Eugene Field's sleeping room. The last one has a gong in it like a country dinner bell and clangs the hour with a loud metallic ring.

In the same room he had a "freak clock" made entirely of wood, that ticks like a hammer striking hard wood. In the library there is a quaint little one made with a seesaw—a wee boy and girl sitting upon a log to regulate the pendulum. This is a very well behaved little piece of mechanism, as it makes no noise and is really pretty. Contrasted with it, standing near Field's writing table, is a plain New England kitchen clock such as our grandmothers used in their light, airy kitchens. It is a medium sized affair of mahogany with a glass door, on the lower half of which are painted impossible red roses and forgetmenots. It is a good old domestic clock, and went on faithfully ticking away when the others were cranky and would not keep the time regularly.

As you enter the house the library is on the left hand. All around the walls of the room are bookcases. Suppose we look at the case beyond the window, which might be called the fairy corner. Here are gathered books of fairy lore from all parts of the world, for there was hardly an old bookstore in London, Paris or Berlin which Mr. Field did not know well. In this wonderful fairy corner are Cossack fairy tales, eastern fairy tales, legends of the French provinces, legends of Ireland, Norway, Germany, Spain, New England and all the modern English fairy stories.—Mary J. Reid and Henrietta Dexter Field in St. Nicholas.

THE INCANDESCENT LIGHT.

Some of the Curious and Commonplace Uses to Which It Is Put.

Incandescent electric lights are used to illuminate the eyes of mounted animals—bears, tigers and lions—shown by furriers. Here obviously a light with a flame would not do, while the incandescent light answers the purpose well and conveniently. The wire is run from the head down through the animal's body and out through one of its feet to a connection with the service wire of the store.

Incandescent lights aroused in refrigerators, such as the iceboxes of the wholesale dealer in cut flowers and the butcher. Their use in sidewalk show, cases is familiar; in dressing show windows the flexible connection admits of placing the light where it is wanted with each new trimming of the window.

They are used in electric signs, some of which are permanent, while others are formed of letters that are movable, like types, so that the sign can be readily changed as often as may be desired. Electric numbers are made in the same way.

One may see a painter at work at night in a store, paint brush in one hand and electric light—with the wire trailing away back of him—in the other, to enable him to see the better in some nook or cranny that he is painting.

The incandescent lamp is used to light sidewalk awnings. The lamps are strung along a wire hung under the ridge pole inside the awning. The wire and lamps are simply taken in when the awning is. Movable billboards are illuminated in the same manner.—New York Sun.

Queer Salt.

In Lapland they have no salt, and the bark of the fir tree is used as a substitute. The Lapps peel the bark from the trunk of the tree, carefully remove the epidermis, and then divide the inner bark into quite a number of very thin layers.

During the brief but extremely hot Lapland summer the layers are exposed to the sun until thoroughly dried; then they are torn into narrow strips and placed in boxes made of fresh bark taken from other trees. Deep holes are then dug in the sand, and the bark boxes are buried in them, where they are allowed to remain for about three days.

The second day fires are made over places where the boxes are buried and kept burning briskly for several hours. The heat penetrates deep into the sand, turns the fir bark a deep red color and gives to it a pleasing taste and odor. Finally the boxes are unearthed, the fir strips are pounded or ground into a coarse powder, and the Lapps use it just as we do salt, only much more sparingly, because it is so troublesome to prepare.—Philadelphia Times.

A Plea For the Old Box Hedge.

And may I not enter here a plea for the preservation of the box edgings of our old garden borders? I know they are almost obsolete—have been winter killed and sunburnt—and are even in sorry disrepute as harborers of unpleasant and unwelcome garden visitors. For its beauty in winter alone the box should still find a place in our gardens. It grows to great size.—Alice Morse Earle in Scribner's.

The human soul is like a bird that is born in a cage. Nothing can deprive it of its natural longings or obliterate the mysterious remembrance of its heritage.—Epes Sargent.

Moses Brown of Boston has the credit of making the first deposit of gold bullion to be coined. In 1795 he deposited $2,270.72.

CHINESE EDUCATION.

The Standard Has Changed but Little In Two Thousand Years.

They have no conception of learning as understood in the west—of mathematics, chemisty, geology or kindred sciences and of universal history. Indeed they have a very imperfect knowledge of geography. Their curriculum of study embraces the Chinese classics and philosophy (a voluminous compilation, especially holding in eminence the teachings of Confucius), the theory of government and Chinese poetry and history. It is the standard fixed 2,000 years ago and has undergone little change in the succeeding centuries.

One of our diplomatic representatives tells of a conversation had with one of the most distinguished scholars and highest officers in the empire, in which they canvassed their respective systems of education, and he reports that his Chinese friend had never heard of Homer, Virgil or Shakespeare; knew something of Alexander having crossed the Indus, had a vague knowledge of Cæsar and Napoleon, but none whatever of Hannibal, Peter the Great, Wellington or other modern soldiers, and he was ignorant of astronomy, mathematics or the modern sciences. When the American minister expressed surprise at these defects in Chinese education, the mandarin replied: "That is your civilization, and you learn it. We have ours, and we learn it. For centuries we have gone on satisfied to know what we know. Why should we care to know what you know?"

Yet it must be conceded that Chinese scholars and officials are usually men of decided intellectual ability, and they cannot be set down as uneducated because they have not followed the curriculum of study marked out by European civilization. It is a source of natural pride that they possess a literature and philosophy older than any similar learning of the west, and which even at this day are not obsolete, but exercise an elevating moral and intellectual influence on a vast multitude of the human family.

But no one of his race more than Li Hung Chang recognizes the defects of the national system of education. Largely through his influence, the emperor has established at Peking a college with a full faculty of foreign professors for the instruction of chosen Chinese youths in the European languages and modern sciences, with a view to training them for the diplomatic service. So he has also established at Tien-tsin, for the last 25 years his viceregal residence, schools for military, naval and medical education, manned by European instructors, and his example has been followed by other viceroys.—John W. Foster in Century.

A SCARED TIGER'S LEAP.

Caught In a Narrow Gully, It Vainly Tried For Escape In a Big Tree.

Several animals leap distances and heights that must surprise themselves at times, just as men in a state of excitement do things that astonish them when they cool down and begin to think about what they have done. When a man makes a long jump up in the Adirondacks to get across a brook he is said to have "jumped like a deer," but should the man have made a leap, as over a high fence or across a broad brook, being at the time in a state of excitement, as having a bull close after him, he jumps then "like a scared deer," scared deer making jumps the unalarmed one could not make.

Tigers do not ordinarily take to trees, but they have been known to do so when badly scared at being close pressed. Captain S. D. Browne tells of an Indian tiger's leap that landed it in a tree top. The captain was waiting for the beaters to drive a tiger his way, when one of the big cats appeared at the top of a steep, stony ravine close at hand. The big bullet from the captain's rifle knocked the tiger head over heels down the gully banks. It fetched up against the bottom on its feet. Then it made a frantic dash across the ravine bottom to a tree. The sides of the gully were too steep for even a cat to climb, and up and down there were men ready for it. The hunted tiger had but a single chance, slim though it was. The tree at which it had dashed might conceal it from the hunters, and up it jumped, landing among the branches over 15 feet above the ground. A few moments later another bullet killed it.—New York Sun.

The Sweet and Sentimental Murderer.

There is a story that the most famous of all Japanese robbers, Ishikawa Goemon, once by night entering a house to kill and steal was charmed by the smile of a baby which reached out hands to him, and he remained playing with the little creature until all chance of carrying out his purpose was lost. It is not hard to believe this story. Every year the police records tell of compassion shown to children by professional criminals. Some months ago a terrible murder case was reported in the local papers—the slaughter of a household by robbers. Seven persons had been literally hewn to pieces while asleep, but the police discovered a little boy quite unharmed, crying alone in a pool of blood, and they found evidence unmistakable that the men who slew must have taken great care not to hurt the child.—Lafcadio Hearn.

Not Inviting More Collisions.

"No, sir," said the man who had wavered. "I won't learn to ride a bicycle. I had thoughts of trying it, but I have just heard of a peculiar trait in the machine that caused me to change my mind."

"What's that?"

"I understand that when you first try to ride, if you see anything you especially wish to avoid, you're almost certain to run into it."

"There's a good deal of truth in it."

"Well, that settles the wheel for me. I have enough trouble with bill collectors as it is."—Washington Star.

TOLD OF A BRIGHT SONGSTER.

The Lark as a Singer, a Gallant Husband and a Savory Bird.

A bird which the Celts call a noble songster, which to French gourmets is savory, and which is of great and perennial interest to naturalists and other bird students, is the English lark. Several attempts have been made to introduce it into the United States, but such trials have met with indifferent success. Now and then a lark is seen or a small flock perhaps, but as for any such increase as would make New York city a lark market such as Dieppe, where 1,500,000 larks have been sold in a winter, there has been none.

Some men would rather get their teeth into a lark's breast than hear its sweet, sky high song, but there are others to whom the song is dear. As a singer it is famous, but as an active, thoughtful parent bird it is less known.

The American crow is crafty, avoiding the snares, the guns and traps set for it; the shrike is an imitative bird, calling its prey to it and impaling its victim that it may the easier tear it to pieces; the king bird is a daring fighter, but the lark's intelligence is of a higher order. It is said of the lark that when serious danger menaces its nest it will take one of the young birds on its back, carry it to a place of safety and return to rescue the others. It will also remove its eggs to a new nest because of some imperfection of the old. A story told by the Rev. Robert C. Nightingale is that he has seen larks fill up a nearly empty drinking place—a deep, narrow cup—with pebbles, thus bringing the water to the top, where their bills could easily reach it.

The male lark is a gallant fellow, comparing, in this respect, most favorably with the American Baltimore oriole. It will fly to the rescue of its imperiled mate with a recklessness for its own safety which places it among the leading feathered gentlemen. It is subject to hypnotic influence to a marked degree, inasmuch as a trap which dazzles its eyes is most destructive. This trap consists of a lot of pieces of looking glass stuck on a two inch upright shaft that is made to revolve rapidly in the bright sunlight. The larks come from afar to see the glistening thing and approach close to it, falling down in a sort of hypnotic paroxysm and are then easily taken in the captor's hands.

It is estimated that 100,000 larks an hour pass over Helgoland some nights in migrating time, while bags of 15,000 in a night have been made by trappers.—New York Sun.

If Not For the Cats.

If left to himself, the London sparrow would probably multiply exceedingly, for there is enough waste from every human household to keep at least one pair of sparrows. That would give something like 1,500,000 sparrows to the area of greater London. But those figures do not represent actual facts. The sparrow population is rigorously kept down, not by want of fecundity, for, at the zoo, for instance, where food and shelter abound, the birds seem to breed at all seasons of the year, but by the operations of the natural enemy, that great fact in all wild life which even the progressive London sparrow cannot avoid. The natural enemy in this case is the London cat. If any one will count up the number of houses in his or her knowledge which do not possess a cat, the numbers and ubiquity of the natural enemy will become apparent.

Poor people keep more cats than rich people, so the small houses abound in cats. Rich people's cats, which have large houses as a rule, only catch the sparrows on their own estate, but poor cats have to poach at large, and their ravages among the young sparrows are prodigious. It has been observed that a sparrow killing cat bags, on the average, two young birds a day. No amount of correction seems to prevent their indulgence in this form of sport. They know it is wrong, but it is too fascinating. One young cat of the writer's acquaintance went into a fit after a mild beating for killing young sparrows, and as soon as he recovered went off to catch another. A cat in the same house which was surprised with two naked nestlings in its mouth slipped them underneath a mat on the stairs when it saw its mistress approaching. Nature is too strong for them, and the drawing room pussy seems no more able to resist the taste for sport than the stable cat.—London Spectator.

Trees Prevent Tornadoes.

I do not think that trees in the tornado districts are of especial value as wind breaks, but rather as presenting so many points to discharge the electricity of the atmosphere and clouds. Any green growth is of value in preventing intense heating of the soil, which increases the danger from electric action, if it does not augment its intensity. New England and the east, though favorably situated as regards an abundance of moisture, rarely have soil conditions likely to give the electricity needed for these outbursts. The west, in April, May and early June, is almost bare of green, and the conditions are quite favorable for electric increase and severe discharge. The tornado is a violent manifestation of the thunderstorm, and any method of diminishing the electricity of the air will inevitably diminish the tendency to violent outbursts. The most important thing just now is to establish beyond the shadow of a doubt the electric origin and energy of a tornado. Of course trees should be planted everywhere without waiting for anything. In Michigan forests we have so called windfalls or strips 300 feet wide and five or more miles long where trees are all blown down. The evidence is conclusive that a tornado cannot devastate a very long stretch of forest. I wish the public could be sufficiently interested to demand a thorough and exhaustive study of this remarkable phenomenon, and yet I fear in a month or two the St. Louis calamity will be forgotten and nothing will be done to prevent a repetition of it.—Professor Hazen.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Single Copies.....05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

Official Newspaper of the A. O. H. of Illinois and the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 24, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"Sue."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—William H. Crane.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Under the Polar Star."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Charles Hopper.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Robert Mantell.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steal
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

"THE CITIZEN'S" POLITICAL PLATFORM.

In reply to a correspondent, "W. C. M.," we desire to say that THE CITIZEN is, in politics, an independent newspaper, and wears the collar of no party. It is not afraid, as our correspondent intimates, to express its opinions and declare its principles, which may be summed up as follows:

THE CITIZEN believes in rational protection to American industries; reciprocity of trade with our Latin-American neighbors; sound bimetallism—that is gold and silver coined at proper proportion, to be fixed by Congress and not by partisan conventions; and in the maintenance of the domestic liberty of the several states, consistent with the preservation of the existing Federal union.

This is THE CITIZEN'S platform condensed, and comprehends the vital economic, monetary and social questions expressed or implied in the present struggle, and if anybody dislikes the platform it cannot help the dislike.

It is for moderate protection, because it believes that the American workingman can obtain better wages under that system than any other. It is against "Chinese wall" protection, because it believes it fosters trusts and monopolies, and confers little or no benefit on labor. It is against Free Trade and Tariff for Revenue Only, because it believes that neither system is beneficial to America, but, on the contrary, encourages Great Britain and other countries to successfully compete with and undersell us in our own markets, thereby beggaring our manufacturers and turning the working people adrift by hundreds of thousands.

THE CITIZEN sustains reciprocity because the Latin-American countries cannot become, for many generations, formidable competitors in that which we produce and manufacture; and we can sell to them our mechanical appliances, surplus cereals, cotton fabrics and other manufactures and produce at a reasonable profit.

THE CITIZEN believes in bimetallism, in proper ratio, because it has been, and should be, an American policy, and its re-establishment would be for the best interests of all the people, North, South, East and West. As one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of silver producing countries, the United States is entitled to the benefit of the doubt in regard to the re-adoption of bimetallism, and no European policy should be allowed to bind our action as a free and independent people. A gold standard may be good for Europe, as a whole, but gold and silver, honestly equalized, are good enough for us. We want to give our silver producing states and territories a chance to exist, especially when their prosperity is always a guarantee of the general prosperity of the country. We want, also, to give the great farming population a chance to judge for themselves by practical experience whether a double standard will tend to relieve them from mortgage burdens and general depression.

THE CITIZEN believes in the American Flag, with five and forty stars, and as many more as there may be room for on the blue field of the Union. It believes in maintaining the Constitution and the laws against all enemies foreign and domestic—if, indeed, there are to be found any of the latter outside the asylums for the insane. It believes in maintaining the Union against all comers; but it also believes in according to every state of the Union the free exercise of its domestic freedom, as expressed in the eloquent words, "Home Rule." It believes, furthermore, that Federal interference should never be exercised in the internal affairs of any state unless as a matter of last necessity, such as would attend the suppression of treason or conspiracy against the Federal government.

These are the principal "planks" of our platform, and we think that any presidential candidate nominated on this platform would sweep the country in triumph from the centre to the sea.

Unfortunately, the partisan platforms, as constructed, are lacking in one or the other direction, and consequently, hundreds of thousands of honest-minded Republicans and Democrats, who believe in our principles, must only pray to God for light and go ahead. Protection is an American principle and has in a measure prevailed; bimetallism is an American policy and must prevail in the end, no matter who may be seated in the White House by the vote of the States on the 3d of November.

FOR AND AGAINST THE ARCHBISHOP.

It is curious and instructive to note the difference of opinion that exists in the Irish-American and Catholic press in regard to the late political manifesto of Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul. This is a healthy sign of the times, even if it is disagreeable to some people, because it proclaims the independence of thought, denied by certain bigots, existing among the Irish-American and Catholic population of this country. We find the Irish World partially indorsing the archbishop in the following editorial language:

"John Ireland is a manly man, every inch of him. While his detractors are whispering in the ear, he proclaims from the housetop. For one to admire such a man it is not necessary to indorse all his opinions. On the silver question the Irish World is not altogether of his mind. But, again, what of that? Archbishop Ireland asks no man to accept his political opinions except only in so far as those opinions commend themselves to the judgment of his hearer or reader. If you are not able to accept his political views, and if you went to confession to him, and informed him of you difference, he would very likely say to you: 'That is all right, my son; but you came here to confess your sins, not to speak of our political differences. Go your way and God bless you.'

"But Archbishop Ireland, who is thoroughly orthodox in religion, is, in the main, sound on politics, too. He is a grand figure and stands without a peer. Rich in intellect, though poor in worldly wealth; divested of all 'pride of prelacy,' disinterested and honest, a good Samaritan to all who fall by the roadside, whatever their race or creed or party may be; a good shepherd to the flock that God has placed him over, going up to the mountains and down into the glens in quest of the stray sheep; a spotless priest, a fatherly bishop, a noble citizen, a soldier of the cross, an upholder of the starry banner in the red tempest of the evil day, an orator of wondrous power, whose words are sparks of fire that flash out from a heart that is ever burning for the glory of God and the good of his neighbor; such is John of St. Paul."

On the other hand, the influential Catholic Citizen, of Milwaukee, says:

"Archbishop Ireland, who is a Republican, has followed the example of a dozen or more Protestant bishops in issuing a statement of his personal views in favor of McKinley and the Republican platform. Perhaps the archbishop is right in his conclusion: but some of his arguments are neither new nor true—particularly the indorsement he gives to what we may term 'the bugaboo appeal' peculiar to this campaign. We trust the archbishop from being a 'liberal' is not now becoming a conservative in his old age. Yet that, we presume, is the process. His impression that the money question is secondary to the anarchy issue as invoked in this campaign, is a good instance of the churchman's bias in politics. The churchman is always watching for the moral danger lurking (but often merely incidental) in movements, and he comes to think these, after all, are the important elements.

"We see in the bugaboo appeal against Bryan a repetition of the same clamor of conservatism that assails every radical movement. This conservative clamor impressed churchmen in the early decades of this century to such an extent that they fulmined needlessly against the spirit of revolution that then disquieted all the states of Europe. The churchmen issued their fulminations in good faith, and yet the revolutionists were making chiefly for the political and constitutional freedom such as most European states enjoy today—and the evil in their movements was merely incidental. Present day appeals against plutocrats, corporations and money grabbers may be 'arraying class against class,' but that does not prove that these appeals are unwholesome or unprovoked. It is greed and avarice that brew the hell broth. The agitators are merely the social physicians."

The Catholic Sentinel, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., says:

"We notice that his grace of St. Paul has entered the arena of politics, and arrayed himself on the side of the money changers, the labor oppressors and the other great trusts and corporations who commit robbery on the masses through the operation of law. We are sorry for this, because we know while his letter will not make one convert for Mark Hanna or McKinley, it will engender ill-feeling and hatred among the people, and raise up enemies against the church and the clergy and the Catholic citizens of this country. Candidate Bryan, to his honor be it spoken, had buried the bloody shirt and the A. P. A.'s in the same grave. Archbishop Ireland's letter will resurrect both and cause thereby disturbance which none will regret more than his grace. We are grieved because he did not see fit to follow the noble example set by Cardinal Gibbons and the other great prelates of the church; and we are more grieved to see him come forth and array himself on the side of the enemies of good government and against the friends of the down-trodden people. As to the letter itself if we take out the vituperation there is nothing left but the old straw of Mark Hanna's hirelings, which his grace has been rethreshing in the interests of the moneyocracy and the coal trusts. Of the fundamental principles of money and its functions his grace appears to be as innocent as a nine-months' babe, that knows just enough to grab at a dollar when it sees it."

In dealing with the same subject the Boston Pilot has this to say:

"Since the above was written, Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, has sent forth a strong invective against the Chicago convention and its candidates. Although he deprecates partisanship and proclaims his respect for the opinions of his fellow-citizens, there is a good deal of the partisan in his utterances, and we like him all the more therefor. Dear brethren, the world will not come to an end on the day after the election, no matter whether Bryan or McKinley be chosen. Archbishop Ireland speaks as a private citizen, not as an archbishop, and his words are entitled to as much respect as those of any other private citizen of equal intelligence. No Catholic will vote for this or that ticket because his ecclesiastical superior prefers one or the other. The democracy of America finds its most logical expression in the independence of Catholic Church members in political affairs. Wherefore we welcome the proclamation of Archbishop Ireland, because it gives an opportunity of his co-religionists to express their agreement or disagreement with his views, satisfied, as ever voter is, that nobody will commend their independence more heartily than the outspoken metropolitan of St. Paul."

The Irish Standard, published in Minneapolis, Minn., expresses itself thus:

"In discussing free coinage the archbishop's ideas disclose the fact that his manifold duties in connection with the church, and other matters, have prevented him from giving the question the close attention it deserves. But in alluding to the dishonesty of the proposition he completely ignores the facts in connection with it. He asks, 'Is it honest to pay debts with half the money we received when contracting them?' Certainly not, and there is no intention on the part of free silver men to defraud their creditors. But there is another side to the question which the opponents of free silver find it convenient to pass over in silence, or when confronted with it face to face endeavor to evade by every possible subterfuge. It is this: Is it honest for the creditor to exact from the debtor double the amount of money which the latter received? The debtor under the gold standard, it is true, is not obliged to pay his creditor a greater number of dollars than he received, but the dollars that are demanded of him and which he must pay are worth twice as much as when he borrowed them, taking twice as much of his labor or produce to obtain them, because of the appreciation of gold. Is such a transaction honest on the part of the creditor, honest on the part of the gold standard men?"

Mr. Roger Vail, a distinguished Irish-American and Catholic editor of Minnesota, in an interview, published in the Irish Standard, says:

"The Archbishop of St. Paul asserts that the Archbishop of Dublin 'expresses no opinion as to the ratio in which silver is to be coined.' If the archbishop reads the pamphlet more carefully he will find that the Dublin prelate emphasizes the fact that 'from 1803 to 1873, while the bimetallist arrangements of France were in force, the market prices of gold and silver each year, kept so close to the French currency value of 15½ to 1, that they never oscillated so far even as 16 to 1 on the one side, or 15 to 1 on the other.' If the archbishop looks over the tables prepared by recognized authorities he will discover that for 200 years, up to the 'atrocious crime of 1873,' for which John Sherman is mainly responsible, the commercial ratio of gold and silver has never been lower than 1 to 14.14, nor higher than 1 to 16.25, a variation of about two points, while at the present time, on account of the demonetization of silver by the Republican party, the variation is 16 points. When silver is restored to its former position, side by side with gold, without any discrimination and at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, the coinage and the commercial prices of the white metal will be the same, though I am inclined to believe the commercial price may exceed the coinage value at the mint after awhile. Morton Frewen, the British bimetallist, Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Grenfell, ex-presidents of the bank of England, and Prof. Andrews, of Brown university, all declare that on the resumption of free coinage of both metals at the United States mints, the price of silver all over the world will be $1.29 an ounce. That will make the 53-cent dollar an honest dollar of 100 cents, and the gold dollar and silver dollar will be exactly equal in their purchasing capacity, and be a full legal tender for all debts public and private, not only in this country but in every country with which we have commercial relations."

The Western Watchman, edited by the Rev. Father Phelan, of St. Louis, says:

"Archbishop Ireland is a phenomenon. He is a volcano; and when in a state of violent eruption he fills the air with fire and smoke. He is a spirit of the air and rides upon the tempest. Other men have waved the bloody shirt in the past thirty years, but in his hand the gory garment seemed a piece of flaming sky, when the Northern lights stretch their lurid fingers to the zenith. He is the Ossian of this stormy campaign, and his speech is forked lightning that splits logic and rives argument. He is a Samson in the hands of the Philistines led about to perform feats of wondrous prowess—may be to pull the temple of Republican hope over his and their head. He is a thunder gun captured in a war of giants, and now they fire him off to frighten the land. They fired him off in New York four years ago, and the reverberations reached from ocean to ocean. They have just fired him off in the West, and we thought it was an earthquake. They say the schoolmen used to dispute as to the number of angels that could stand on the point of a needle. That is nothing to the spectacle now presented to our eyes of a million of stalwart men, some of them with feet as large as Archbishop Ireland's, executing a war dance on our poor little silver dollar. Archbishop Ireland is panoplied for war and he scents the battle afar. If secession next November shows her horrid front, one regiment will be sure of a chaplain. We believe, however, it was not at any time necessary during our late unpleasantness to resort to a draft to get surgeons or chaplains.

"Archbishop Ireland gives us the cause and reason for hard times. The good archbishop might have spared himself the trouble. We all know what makes hard times. It is want of money. Did anyone ever see hard times when people had plenty of money? We know now why we have no money. The bankers have locked it up on us. But we know where to get more. In the ground, thank God."

ONE of the largest silver meetings recently held was that at Central Music Hall, Monday night. The place was crowded to its capacity. Hon. John T. Keating presided, and the speakers of the evening were the Rev. T. H. Malone, of Denver, Colo., and the Rev. Father Nugent, of Iowa.

THE names submitted to the Pope by the American hierarchy for the position of Rector of the Catholic University are those of Father T. J. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass.; Father J. F. Mooney, of New York, and Father D. J. Riordan, of Chicago. The university was presented on Wednesday with a check for $50,000 from the Ancient Order of Hibernians for the founding of a Gaelic chair.

ACCORDING to a recent cablegram, Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, says that the English press of all parties is a unit against the candidacy of Bryan and Sewall.

THE Rev. H. W. Thomas, pastor of the People's church, this city, has declared unreservedly for the cause of free silver.

IT is alleged that the Vatican has condemned Archbishop Ireland's manifesto, in advocacy of the gold standard. On the other hand, Mgr. Martinelli, successor to Cardinal Satolli, is said to approve of it. What difference either way? This is America not Italy?

HYMENEAL.

HIGGINS TRACEY.

An elaborate and impressive marriage ceremony was witnessed on Wednesday morning, Oct. 14, at St. Bridget's church, the contracting parties being Mr. George A. Higgins and Miss Nellie S. Tracey, both belonging to well-known South Side families. Promptly at 9 o'clock the bridal party entered the church, the ushers, Messrs. M. J. Wall and George F. Hogan, preceding the groom and his brother, Will Higgins, who acted as best man. The maid of honor, Miss Mae Tierney, walked alone, followed by the bride, leaning on the arm of her father. The nuptial mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Dowling, assisted by Fathers Whalen and Bullin. The following priests occupied seats in the sanctuary: Rev. Fathers J. Gillen, M. Dorney, A. J. McGavick and Richard Dunne, of Oak Park. The bride wore a magnificent gown of heave white duchesse satin, with garniture of pearls and duchesse lace, her veil being held in place by a pendant of diamonds and pearls, the gift of the groom. She also carried a bouquet of chrysanthemums. The maid of honor was attired in white brocaded silk. At the conclusion of the wedding service the immediate families of the bride and groom prodeeded to the residence of the bride's parents, No. 2749 Archer avenue, where an elaborate breakfast was served by Govanus, the decorations being smilax and chrysanthemums. The young couple were the recipients of many unique and costly presents, many of them having come from afar. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins have gone West to spend their honeymoon, and will be at home after Nov. 1, at No. 5521 Peoria street.

O'CONNOR DON ON IRISH TAXES.

The following important letter from The O'Conor Don has appeared in the London Times:

To the Editor of the Times: The report of the Royal Commission on the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland has lately been the subject of severe strictures in your columns. That the various detailed reports issued by that Commission should be subjected to the most searching criticism I do not for a moment dispute, but, as I am sure you do not desire to misrepresent in any way the views of any section of the Commissioners, I trust you will permit me to offer a protest against the interpretation placed on certain isolated passages in the report for which I am partially responsible.

The Commissioners having referred to "the enormous cost of the navy," and to the greater interests which Great Britain has in its efficiency, you allege that they "seem to suggest that Ireland should not contribute to its maintenance," although the whole bearing of the paragraphs to which this criticism applies was to the effect that all Imperial expenditure should be common to the United Kingdom, and the reference to the special interests of Great Britain in the navy was made for the express purpose of combating the doctrine that contribution to Imperial expenditure should in any way depend on the benefit derivable from it by any portion of the United Kingdom. After referring to the smaller interests which Ireland has in certain portions of Imperial expenditure, such as that on the navy, the Commissioners say:

"From this division of Imperial expenditure (viz., a division founded on the consideration of what part of the United Kingdom derives most benefit from it), we feel bound to dissent. No portion of the Imperial expenditure can, in our opinion, be regarded as local or as a set-off to excessive taxation which would have to be incurred irrespective of the proportions in which the revenue was raised, and we cannot admit the principle that services which are everywhere regarded as Imperial should be dealt with separately because they happen to cost comparatively more in one part of the United Kingdom than in another." And, again, "Whilst the Union lasts Imperial expenditure must be taken as common to all parts of the United Kingdom."

It is difficult to understand how such a statement as this can be turned into a suggestion that Ireland should be freed from all contributions to the cost of the navy, and it is against this interpretation of our views that I desire to protest.

Upon the much disputed point whether Ireland and Great Britain should be regarded as separate entities for the purpose of taxation it would probably not be becoming in me to enter into a discussion in the press. The arguments on the different sides of the question have been very fully set out in the separate reports, but so far as the late Commission was concerned, it would have been absolutely impossible to have answered the queries submitted to it unless the two countries were dealt with as separate units. For the terms of reference the Commissioners are in no way responsible, and the objections which have been urged to the reports ought rather to have been raised when the inquiry was first suggested, and when it was sanctioned, apparently without dissent, by all parties in the State. No member of the Commission and no witness examined before it has disputed the fact that Ireland's "taxable capacity" is not more than one-twentieth of that of the United Kingdom. The Commission was specially appointed to inquire into and report on this fact, and whether its ascertainment be of importance or not there appears to be absolute unanimity as to its correctness. Without entering further into the merits of this question, I may be permitted to ask if Ireland is to be regarded as holding the same position in respect to Great Britain as Essex or Yorkshire, why was the Commission appointed? Why have financial returns entering most minutely into the relative contributions of Great Britain and Ireland been ordered by parliament every year during the last six or seven years—returns prepared with great labor and expense, and originated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of a Unionist government?

And, lastly, why has the agricultural rating act of this year not been extended to Ireland in the same form and on the same principles as it has been passed for Great Britain? Surely the poor farmers and owners of land in Ireland have the same claim to relief as "the impoverished farmers of Essex," and yet we know that in the very last session of parliament, when perhaps it suited the British taxpayer to regard Great Britain and Ireland as separate entities, a very different measure of relief was accorded to the two countries, and then nothing was heard of the principle of "taking no account of geographical areas" in the matter of finance.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
Clonalis, Sept. 14. O'CONOR DON.

Barnum and Bailey's Great Show.

Last Monday night, Oct. 19, the Barnum and Bailey Greatest Show on Earth began an engagement of two weeks in the Chicago Coliseum. This building is the only structure in the world that is large enough to accommodate on one floor all the departments of this vast amusement enterprise. Every available foot of room in the Coliseum is needed for the Barnum and Bailey exhibits. The seating arrangements have been completed, and as arranged the raised seats accommodates about three thousand more people than could find entrance last spring during the run of the Buffalo Bill Wild West. A great horse fair is included in the exhibit of the Barnum and Bailey. Two performances will be given daily, at 2 and 8 o'clock, and the doors will open at 1 and 7.

RETURNED TO AMERICA.

(*Press Dispatches*).

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—Among the second cabin passengers who arrived on the steamship Werkendam today from Rotterdam were two men whose names were not on the published list of passengers. Their tickets bore the names of John Williams and Henry Smith, but the men themselves were John F. Kearney and Thomas Haines respectively.

Kearney and Haines were arrested on Sept. 13 in Rotterdam on charge of having dynamite bombs in their possession and as being concerned in a conspiracy against the lives of the Czar of Russia and the Queen of England.

John F. Kearney said that he had gone some weeks ago to Antwerp and later to Rotterdam to see his wife's friends on family and business matters. While there he said that he met Haines and both recognized each other simply through their speaking English.

Kearney speaks and reads German fairly well, while Haines, who was on a tour of pleasure, speaks only English. They stopped at the same hotel in Rotterdam, where they arrived on Sept. 11. Haines was then ill and was confined to his room on the following day. On Sunday morning, Sept. 13, while occupying the same room at the Queen's hotel, Rotterdam, they were awakened by a rapping at the door of the room. Kearney jumped from his bed and opened the door. As he did so he was confronted by six Dutch police officers and an inspector. The inspector, who spoke English fairly well, told the two men to consider themselves under arrest. They were surprised at this and asked what was the charge against them. The inspector informed them that he had orders to arrest them and asked them if they would come peaceably to the police barracks.

They dressed themselves immediately and consented to be handcuffed. They were taken to the barracks and held there without being given any further information until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Then they were served with some sandwiches and coffee at their own expense. On the following Wednesday, after being separated in the meantime, Kearney was brought before the commissioner of police. He says further:

"From Sunday afternoon until Wednesday, and, in fact, for the remainder of the time I was confined in the prison, I was kept aloof from all the other prisoners. I was continually under the watch of two guards, who were armed, and after I got out of my cot in the morning until I retired at night I was compelled to sit in the chair which had a rope instead of a cane bottom. When brought before the commissioner of police and inspector I was informed that I was charged with manufacturing and having in my possession dynamite bombs. This I knew to be false, as I had never had possession of these things, and when told that several of them were found underneath the bed in which Haines and I had slept I almost had a fit when I thought of the danger I was in. Sure, man, they might have gone off at any minute.

"I am positive, however, that these explosives, if such they were, were not placed there by either myself or my friend Haines. It was simply another of these deep laid plots of the Scotland Yard men, who won't stop at anything in order to make a case against Irishmen whenever they find it necessary, no matter how inconvenient. Those explosives were put there after we were taken out of the room. I lived on prison fare during the time I was in prison, but nearly all the time I was troubled with nausea, as I could not eat the bread, a piece of which I will show you. (Here Kearney handed the reporter a thin slice of heavy, dark bread, a quarter of an inch thick and two inches by three inches in size.)

"I got a few slices of this for a meal three times a day, with an allowance of one quart of milk and three quarts of water per diem. When I entered the prison they took away my handkerchief and glasses, as well as my money, and presented me with reading matter in the shape of novels printed in English. The type was so small that I could not make it out without my glasses. Then they handed me some old German newspapers, which were printed in large size type, and out of them I contrived to obtain some information."

"It was said, Mr. Kearney, that you had a considerable amount of money on you when you were arrested," observed the reporter.

"Well, I don't know what you regard as a considerable amount. I had a $50 bill, American money, and 40 gulden, which made in all $66. The charges at the hotel for my three days there, during one of which I had not had a chance of eating anything, place the Queen's hotel in Rotterdam away ahead of the Waldorf for high rates.

"I knew nothing of what was being done in my case until a week ago last Saturday, when two officers came to my cell and told me to come out. I met Haines at the entrance of the prison and we were both hustled in a carriage which was in waiting. Accompanied by the officers, we were driven to the Netherland pier and put aboard the vessel. We were handed second-class tickets to New York at our own expense, $48 each. I was then handed the balance of my money, which was mean. My arrest has deprived me of the opportunity of making money during this campaign, as I issue a paper every fall known as the Irish Nationalist, the revenue from which is generally a profit to me of $2,500. My being detained on the other side has made the publication of this paper before election an almost impossible task."

You Can Be Well when your blood is rich, pure and nourishing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood rich and pure and cures all blood diseases, restoring health and vigor.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, headache. 25c.

A BRITISH VIEW

Of the Rank Held in Literature by the Late Brilliant Charles Lever, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer" and "Tom Burke, of Ours."

The Englishman Classes Him as a Novelist of the Second Class, and Thinks He Would Hardly Be Appreciated Today.

It is a very great pity that Charles Lever was not a greater man. If he had only been an Irish Walter Scot, and could have done for his country what the Shirra did for his, it is difficult to say what good might not have came of it. For it was in no slight sense that Scot created Scotland. And the legends and folk-lore of the island beyond the sea are so rich and attractive, that in hands like his they might have created an Irish literature in English, and done more to bring together two peoples who seem to want uniting better, yet for the life of them cannot hit upon the bond, than all the effort and all the agitations of many patriots. The bond is not money, as some think; nor a nominal independence, as the other faction hold; and the pen in a master's hand might do more than anything else in the world to bring about a mutual understanding. But Charles Lever had not the weight for the work. His books are racy enough of the soil, no doubt; in fact that are too racy.

Even as what are generally known as French novels do no justice whatever to the peculiar sanctity of French domestic life, so the endless jokes which seem almost the beginning and the end of Irish books fail to bring before their readers the grave and serious side which has caused and hallowed so much sadness and tragedy. Irish biographers are in no small degree to blame for this. We do not know if the Mr. Fitzpatrick who is responsible for the book before us was also the author of those memoirs of Father Burke which made the great preacher so oppressively comic; but if not the two have the same tendency. Like the speech of Hamlet's player in the opinion of good old Polonius, this book is in ours decidedly too long, and Charles Lever's humors and witticisms are to much spun out to remain readable. He was an unusually handsome boy and an equally handsome man. He was a brilliant talker and a brilliant writer—a capital joker after the fashion of his own heroes, and a very attractive companion in whom high spirits alternated with great depression. The prettiest part of all his life-story is his marriage. He fell in love as a schoolboy with a pretty little girl who lived in the Marine school; and used to get a sight of her every day, throwing her flowers through the iron gate while her companions kept watch. This was the Kate Baker whom he afterwards married, and worshiped to the last, making her the judge of all his stories, and breaking down completely when he lost her. Many years after his marriage he is described as making her his one and only partner in the dance, and the whole part of the book which relates to her is full of attractiveness.

As the years passed by, however, it is difficult to lend an enduring interest to the literary lives of any but the greatest in literature. To Charles Lever will probably be conceded a very fair place in the second class of novelists—as wide spreading and inclusive an invention as its counterpart in the list of university honors—among the Charles Reades and Anthony Trollopes, the Mrs. Gaskells and the Charlotte Brontes and the Bulwer Lyttons, who have missed the narrow and exclusive "first" which expands so slowly that half a dozen English names are all that yet belongs to it. Some will not rate Lever so high; but for fertility of invention and vivid humor of descriptiveness he has not had many equals in his time. There is an inevitable sameness about his Irish stories, which he seems to have felt himself, when in later years he deliberately changed his style and produced an entirely different class of work. His biographer gives him high praise for this feat of versatility, aptly comparing him to Bulwer Lytton in the matter, and insisting on it as a test of power. We are inclined to see in it rather a suggestion of weakness. Like Thackeray in "Esmond," Dickens in the "Tale of Two Cities," or George Eliot in "Romola," the great novelist may wander afield out of his ordinary tracks in search of subject-matter, but he does not change his style or method of thought when he does so.

There is no mistaking the special hand in any of these three works. When Lever and Lytton changed their hands they changed their likeness so as to deceive many, as they did. So little, however, is there during the worktime of men to fix their place for them exactly, that neither Lever himself nor his friends, nor his biographer, seem to have been under the impression that he was in any way the inferior of Dickens or of Thackeray, both of whom were friends of Lever's—a friendship tempered by the usual literary differences—and figure frequently in the volume. His popularity at the time was very good, though the change of front he executed in his work was not a success with the public. It was as a humorist that he won his fame, and he failed to keep it when he turned his gifts to more serious purpose, though he himself always looked down, or affected to look down, on his "Charles O'Malley" and "Harry Lorrequer."

Of course there are plenty of good Irish stories to be gathered from the book before us, of which the best and most characteristic is perhaps on quietly told by Lever himself: "I was dining with little Baron Deasy on Sunday, and he told me he had purchased an estate in Tipperary, and was proceeding to inspect it, when he overheard an old crone say, 'Is that the new landlord, shat dawny bit av a leprechaun? Begorra, the boys might as well be shootin at a jacksnipe.'" There never was an Irishman more compact of the race than Lever. He had a slight but unmistakable Dublin accent, and his thoughts were always turning homewards; nor was he ever so happy as when he could escape there for a short visit to his friends or to the priest-brother, who, in spits of his sermons, said the novelist, knew much less about the Jews than he did. And who does not know the hit of his famous songs?—

"Och, Dublin city, there is no doubtin,'
Bates every city upon the say;
'Tis there you'd hear O'Connell spoutin',
An' Lady Morgan makin' tay.
For 'tis the capital o' the finest nation,
Wid a charmin' pisintry upon a fruitful sod,
Fightin' like devils for conciliation,
An' hatin' each other for the love of God."

There are only too many selections of this kind in a book which would have been twice as telling at half the length. Lever was one of the many of our literary men who found a nome in Italy. At Florence and Spezza he was quartered at different times; and at the former place he fell, of course, under the genius loci, and all have done, though as we have said, not enough to naturalize him like so many of the wanderers. Miss Mary Boyle and others are called to give evidence of the fun and life of the Florentine villa, with its private theatre, where Lever loved to figure as "the Irish tutor," and the oddity of his ways. He told Miss Boyle with great gusto how on one occasion, riding with all his children in the glory of their Tyrolean hats with peacock feathers, they had been taken for a company of hippodrome riders, and accosted with the view to an engagement. For Lever was full of his harmless love of show, which was a part of the dash and sparkle which made him the best talker of his day.

"It is no good," said a famous diner-out, "opening one's mouth in Lever's presence, he puts other talkers down as a prairie fire rolls over and extinguishes a camp fire." "He dined well and talked freely, and fancied himself a swell," wrote another aggravated victim who was among the extinguished. For that was still the time when talk of Lever's sort was possible. Whether for good or evil, it has passed now; and another Lever would scarcely be listened to. It has been the custom to say that too much sympathy has been wasted on his last days in a comfortably paid and lazy post as consul at Trieste. But when we think what the man was, and how essential the stimulant of bright company is to brains like his, we can realize that its dreariness must have been as bad at times as St. Helena. It is not necessary to make such a dreadful joke as Mr. Fitzgerald, who tries to emulate his subject by deriving Trieste from "triste"—a pun to make Lever's hair stand up—to feel for the consul in his dreariness, and sympathize with the depressed tone of his later letters. He was a brilliant but scarcely happy man, and on one occasion he said that after middle age no man could be happy, or could really do anything but feel that the corner was turned, and that there was nothing to be done but prepare for the finish.

We do not know if the fault be Lever's or his biographer's, but we remain with the impression of an incomplete sort of life. Perhaps it is inevitably so when an ambitious man misses making the biggest mark; the uneasy sense which, as we pointed out recently, makes Carlyle and Emerson express their pity for poor Shakespeare's wasted gifts. Somehow Lever cannot make his people really live in our memories. Mr. Fitzpatrick, putting him and Thackeray together, says that "these popular writers had little in common." "Thackeray's tomahawk," he says, foolishly enough "fell upon the heads of women," and he implies that Lever was more successful in describing them. This means little more, we take it, than that Lever contented himself, as a rule, when depicting those indefinite angels who passed for the most part for the women of fiction. For who can really remember Lever's heroines, even when he can delight in Harry Lorrequer and Charles O'Malley? Who, whether he likes them or not, can ever forget Beatrix and her mother, or Laura Bell, or Becky and Amelia? The last has been called mawkish, but how absolutely living! Or for that matter, what figures are more alive than Dolly Varden and Edith Dombey? No; comparisons are idle. Charles Lever was a brilliant writer and a delightful personality, but nowhere more than in fiction reigns the inexorable law—the survival of the fittest.—London Spectator.

Entertainment and Bazaar.

The ladies of St. James' Catholic church have organized for the purpose of paying off the debt on their new school hall, and have decided to give a series of entertainments and a bazaar. Eight hundred ladies attended the meeting, and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. P. H. Rice; treasurer, Mrs. Andrew Cummings; vice-presidents, Mesdames John Cudahy, J. W. Morgan, H. Haffner, Michael Cudahy, D. B. Quinlan, M. Corrigan, Peter Smith, J. J. Egan, P. K. Bowen, Scott Lynn, H. Lydon, D. Thornton, John O'Malley, G. Garrigan, John F. Finerty, P. H. Linneen, J. T. Healy, M. Synon, W. P. Nelson, M. Keating, M. Espert, John Clare, McDonald, Peter Reddy, William Bulger, E. Hudson, Ira Mix, John Cooke, Flannigan, P. M. Cleary, Charles Cooke, James Clare, P. F. Gillespie, George Cooke, C. Whitgreave, B. Callahan, J. B. Murphy, M. Burke, Wickham, Hammond, J. M. Martin, James Duncan, Thomas Devinev, Misses Adele Hopkins, M. Cowan and Crowe.

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Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

JOHN R. TANNER, CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

The people of the State of Illinois may be divided into two great groups, of which one is composed of those who know John R. Tanner and the other of those who do not know him. To those who know him, it is unnecessary to say a word with regard to his character and capacity, but so great an effort has been made in certain quarters to malign and misrepresent him before the people, that it seems necessary to explain him to that portion of the public which is ignorant of his career and of his personality.

John Riley Tanner was born, as Abraham Lincoln was born, and many other men who have been prominent in the political history of Illinois, in a log cabin, fifty-two years ago, in Warwick county, Indiana. His father was a farmer and he was reared upon a farm, where he learned just what every farmer's boy is expected to learn, no more and no less. He learned to plow and hoe corn, to sow and reap wheat, to milk the cows, feed the cattle and shear sheep, to mow and stack hay, and all the other duties expected of a boy who assists his father to raise a crop and take care of live stock. He attended the common district school, where he acquired the rudiments of an English education. His father was a poor man, unable to send him to college, and he did not have the benefit of a liberal training in mathematics, the classics, the sciences or general literature. In this respect he was like other men in this State who have filled the position of governor to the satisfaction of the public and with the greatest credit to themselves, and whose reputation is not local, but national. It will be a sorry day for the republic when men of native force and talent are not permitted to hold office because they have not received a diploma from some college or other institution of polite learning.

Mr. Tanner's family were noted for nothing so much as for their patriotism and fidelity to the constitution and the union, and the flag of their country. When the civil war broke out in 1861, his father, his three brothers and himself all enlisted in the army and risked their lives for the suppression of the pro-slavery rebellion. His brothers, Albert and Frederick, died of wounds received in battle, one at Nashville, Tenn., and the other in a hospital at Pine Bluff, Ark. His father died in the rebel prison pen at Columbus, Miss.

Mr. Tanner enlisted in Co. A of the 98th Illinois infantry in 1863 at the early age of 19 years, and was transferred in 1865 to Co. B of the 61st Illinois infantry, but he was not mustered out until September, 1865. He went into the army a private and came out of it a private. Had he been older, with his natural gift of commanding and his popular personal qualities, his courage, loyalty and unflinching obedience to orders, he would have undoubtedly risen to high rank in the army. As he modestly said of himself in the great tent in Chicago: "I am introduced to you as Capt. Tanner. Titles have embarrassed me for the last dozen or more years. I have been called Capt. Tanner, Maj. Tanner, Col. Tanner and Judge Tanner, but the truth is, I was nothing but a common soldier in the ranks of the great army during the rebellion. I got tired of explaining titles, so I concluded that I would go forth and win a title for myself on Nov. 3." As a soldier his record is without blemish. He never neglected his duty, however irksome, and never flinched upon the skirmish line or in the fire. No man in his regiment was more universally respected and beloved by his comrades, and the survivors of the regiment are today his most enthusiastic admirers and supporters.

When the war closed he returned to his home in Clay county, Ill., where he purchased a small farm of sixty acres, for which he paid $600. He married a young lady of the vicinity, a Miss Ingraham. Tall, active, supple, handsome, diligent in business, and possessed of business qualities in a high degree, he became a leader among the young men of his own age. He was ready for all proper and manly sport, but absolutely free from dissipation, and no man had an evil word to say of him.

The first mark of popular confidence given him was his election as sheriff. After having served as sheriff, Mr. Tanner was elected Circuit Clerk of Clay county. In 1880 he was elected to the State senate. In 1886 the people elected him State Treasurer. President Arthur appointed him United States Commissioner of the Southern District of Illinois made him a member of the Board and Warehouse Commission which he resigned after holding it for a short time only. President Harrison appointed him Assistant United States Treasurer at Chicago. In all of these positions he did his whole duty as a man and a citizen, and no charge of neglect or malfeasance in office has ever been brought against him.

Mr. Tanner is not only a farmer born and bred, who still owns one of the finest farms in Southern Illinois, including 440 acres of meadow and pasture land, with one of the best apple orchards in the State, which brings him a large annual revenue; but he is also a workingman. He and his brother owned and managed for many years a sawmill, in which he worked side by side with the men employed by him, his herculean proportions and great physical strength enabling him to do what none of the rest of them could do, both in the way of handling logs and of cutting and hewing timber. He has probably swung an ax as many times in his life as ever did Abraham Lincoln, and possibly more. He therefore understands what it is to labor, and with what toil and self-denial the small savings of the laboring man are accumulated. He can sympathize with labor, and does sympathize with it.

Mr. Tanner is a man of magnificent physical and moral courage. In this respect no man in Illinois is his superior. Like all brave men, he is both truthful and generous. He never misrepresents his opinions, conceals his sentiments, or fails to redeem his promises. He is a man of the strictest and most scrupulous personal integrity in all his business transactions. The president of the little private bank in Louisville, in which he is a depositor, said that, except as a matter of form, he would at any time lend Mr. Tanner any money that he desired, without even the formality of a note, and that he did not think it necessary to take security from him, since he knew that he would do whatever he said he would do.

Reference has been made to his generosity and kindness of heart. His interest in people is unaffected and genuine. It is of a character which causes him to take a personal interest in their affairs. In his own neighborhood he knows every man, woman and child by name. The poor have always found in him a sympathizing friend, whose purse was as open as his hand and his heart. There are many of his old neighbors who have been helped through some emergency in their affairs, of whose difficulties and of Mr. Tanner's agency in their relief no man knows but the giver and the receiver. In short, he is a thoroughly good man. He was a good husband, so long as his wife lived, and has always been a good father, a true friend, and a patriotic and faithful citizen of the commonwealth.

When at the last session of the legislature he delivered that famous speech as chairman of the Republican State committee in Springfield, which resulted in the adjournment of the legislature, although he did not say one word about adjournment, but the adjournment was purely an act of the legislature itself, he did a thing of which he has every reason to be proud, and for which the Republicans of this State owe him a debt of gratitude.

As a public speaker Mr. Tanner has been a surprise to his friends. Some of the best things which have been said during the campaign have been said by him. He has a peculiarly happy turn for epigram. While he is the friend of labor, he is also a believer in law.

When the Republicans scored that surprising victory in the Eighteenth Congressional district, which resulted in sending Mr. Hadley to Washington as a member of congress, Mr. Tanner wrote a letter of congratulation, in which he claimed that the result showed "that this State does not favor the policy of this nation attempting, independently of all other nations, the adoption of free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1." In his speech at the Springfield "Love Feast" last January, he said: "The Republicans of the Twentieth district believe in bi-metallism but at the same time they believe that every dollar that goes forth with the outspread wings of the American eagle on it, must be kept equal in value to every dollar that falls from the government mint." His influence on this side of the question was strongly felt at St. Louis, although not a member of the convention; and when it was decided that Mr. Hobart should be Mr. McKinley's running mate, it was to Mr. Tanner that the leaders of the party at St. Louis looked for bringing about the desired result. It is characteristic of him that he accomplishes whatever he undertakes in life, both for himself and for his friends.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Feis Tighe Chonain Chinn Shleibhe Sonn.

Seilg agus fiadhach trom-thorthach, saor-soibhinn, do comórad le Fionn Mac Chúmaill agus le Fiannaibh glan-áilne Gaoidheal uilm Thore ós Loch Léin, agus fó chriochaibh bh-Fear Morc; agus fó Ibh Chonnaill Gabhra. Do sreathadh an t-seilg sin leo fó Shliabh ur-aoibhinn Eachtaidhe, gur leathadar ós sin fó shléibhtibh bárr-ghlasa, agus fó chnocaibh corracha cloch-gharbhadh ceann-ruadh, agus fó mhágaibh reidh-fhalrslonga na g-crioch fó cóimhneasa dóibh; agus ro lonnsaidh gach taoiseach Féinne díobh a lonad urdhalta, agus a láthair leighe, agus a bhéarna baoghail, mar a g-cleachtadaois cosgar gach seilge do chur roimhe sin; agus do léigeadar sea-dán na seilge seachránaighe sin fó na coillte go coitcheann; gur chuireadar fiadha fíor luatha as fásaidhibh; agus miolta mong-ruadh tar maoileannaibh; agus slonnaigh ar seachrán agus broic as bruadhchlasaibh, agus coin ar eitiolla, agus laoighallta ar luaith-réim; agus do léigiodar a g-coin g-geraosacha, g-cinn-bheaga, g-cóimh-fhearg-acha, trom-luatha a g-coinne agus a g-cómbdháil a chéile chum na séilge sár-mhóire sin. Acht cheana, ba láimh-dhearg laoch, agus ba croidhearg coin, agus ba cosgarthach, comhbuidheach Fianna Eirionn a h-aithle na seilge saorthaidhe seasdánaidhe sin.

Ciodh tráchta, níor fhan a bh-fochair Fhinn an lá sin acht Diorraing mac Doghardamhaidh amháin. "Maith, a Dhiorraing," ar Fionn, "déan faire agus forcholméad damhsa, go g-codla mé; óir is moch do eirgheas andiu, agus ba mhaith an mholch-éirghidh do'n tí d'éirgeochadh an tan nach béara aithne ar sgáil a chéig méar idir é agus leas laoi: no aithne ar dhuille an choill seoch duille na darraidhe." Acht cheana, tuitios a thoirchim suain agus sámhchodalta for an righ Féinne: gurab é fhaid do bhi ann, ó thráith eirge do'n lá go d-tainidh an buidhe for an n-gréin uim nóna.

Dála na Féinne: do éirgiodar o'n t-seilg, gur fhágbhadar Fionn Iona chodla ar chárn Chinn Shléibhe, agus Diorraing ag a cholméad, go nár bh-feas dóibh cá dubh-shelg Iona rabhadar, agus an tan do b'fhada le Diorraing do bhi Fionn Iona chodhla do dhéisigh é, agus innsios do an Fhiann d' fhágbháil na seilge, go nach g-cuala glaodh no fead fosda uatha. "Is deire an laoi'tá ann," ar se, "agus ni leanfam an Fhiann anocht; acht éirgidh fó an g-coill, a Dhiorraing, agus tabhair adhbhar botha agus beal-gátha leat, agus rachad-sa d'iarraidh cuid na h-oidhche chugainn." D'imthigh Diorraing as a h-aithle sin, agus ni clan do chuaidh an tan ód chonnaire bruighean taiic taobh-sholuis, a g-cúimhnais na coille cluthaire Iona chómh-fhogas; agus teid tar n-ais le sgeala chum Fhinn. "Teidhiom dá h-ionsaidhe," ar Fionn, "dir ni dhiongnam saothar na foirgneamha san ait so, agas aitriobh lonar bh-fogus." Ghnáidh rompa iar sin go dorus an dúna, agus baindi bas-chrann ris an dorus.

(Translation)

The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe.

A heavily-productive, truly pleasant chase and stag-hunt was appointed by Fionn Mac Cumhaill and the noble, handsome, fair-featured Fenians of the Gael on the mountain of Torc[1], which towers over Loch Lene[2], over the district of Fear Morc[3], and Hy Conall Gabhra[4]. The chase was extended by them over the green, pleasant mountain of Eachtaidhe[5], and from thence it spread over other green-capped mountains, through dense, impassable woods, over marshy, rugged, reddish hills, and across the smooth extensive plains of the adjacent districts. Every Fenian chief chose the place which his taste suggested, his starting point, and the gap of danger, where he had been accustomed to exercise his power in every chase in which he had been previously engaged; and the shouts which they raised in the turns and doubles of that hunt re-echoed throughout the woods around; so that they startled the nimblest bucks in the forest, caused the smaller red-furred game to clamber up the summit of the rocks, scared foxes astray, aroused badgers from the mountain clefts, drove birds to the wing, and fawns to their utmost speed. They then unleashed their ravenous, small-headed, angry, nimble hounds, and by a simultaneous movement in concert, set them upon that abundant chase. Nevertheless, the hands of heroes were stained with blood, hounds were mangled and gory, yet the Fenians of Eire met success, and proud they were of their hounds on the occasion of that laborious clamorous hunting match.

It so happened, however, that none remained in attendance upon Fionn that day except Diorraing son of Doghardamhadh alone. "Well, Diorraing," said Fionn, "do you assume the post of watch and ward for me while I sleep, for I arose early this day; and it is an early rising when a person cannot see his five fingers against the brightening of the dawn, or distinguish the foliage of the hazel from that of the oak." The Fenian king, however, fell into a pleasant slumbering sleep, in which he remained from the rising of the morning until the sun shone in his golden lustre in the evening.

As for the Fenians: they gave over the chase after having left Fionn asleep on the Carn of Ceann-Sleibhe, with Diorraing in charge of him, and they knew not into what unexpected wilds they had been led in course of the pursuit. When Diorraing was tired of Fionn's long sleep he awoke him, and told him that the Fenians must have abandoned the chase since he could not hear either a cry or whistle from them. "It is the close of day," said he (Fionn), "and therefore we will not follow the Fenians tonight. Go then, Diorraing, to the wood, and fetch materials for building a hut and an inclosure, while I will go to seek provisions for the night for us both." Diorraing, accordingly, proceeded on his way, but had not gone far when he discovered a strong, well-lighted *Bruighin* on the margin of the sheltering wood close at hand. He returned with the intelligence to Fionn. "Let us proceed to it," said Fionn, "for we ought to undertake no labor or building in this place while there is a dwelling near by us." They then proceeded to the gate of the Dun, and knocked at it.

(IE BREITH EANTA

1 Torc, now Turk Mountain, near the Lakes of Killarney. 2 Loch Lein is the old Irish name of the Lakes of Killarney. 3 Fear Morc, a district in the west of Kerry, now Corca-Duibhne, or Coreaguiney. 4 Ibh Chonall Gabhra, now the barony of Connelloe in the county of Limerick. 5 Eachtaidhe now Slieve Aughty a mountain situated between the counties of Clare and Galway.

BIDS WANTED.

Proposals will be received up to Nov. 1 from parties wishing to rent the Bar privileges at Brand's hall, on the night of Division No. 4 A. O. H. ball, Nov. 11. Sealed bids to be sent to John J. Sherlock, Secretary of Committee, No. 291 Dearborn avenue, not later than Nov. 1.

THOMAS G. McELLIGOTT,
Candidate for Clerk of the Appellate Court

Thomas G. McElligott, clerk of the Appellate court, first district, was born in Chicago, Sept. 26, 1861; was educated in the public schools of Chicago, and after his school days learned the cooper's trade, an occupation which he followed for several years. He afterward entered mercantile life, engaging in the tea and coffee business.

In 1886, Mr. McElligott was elected on the Democratic ticket to the House of Representatives of Illinois, and being a good parliamentarian, a ready and forcible speaker, he soon became prominent as a leader on the floor. He was re elected to the House of Representatives in 1888, and was a member of the special session in 1890, which was known as the World's Fair session, at which legislation necessary to fulfill Chicago and Illinois' obligations for the location of the World's Fair was enacted. He took a prominent part in all sessions of the legislature of which he was a member. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in March, 1890.

He was elected to his present position in November, 1890. He is a careful and thorough business man, and the courteous and efficient manner in which he has conducted the duties and responsibilities, and the systematic and business-like way in which he has kept the records and files of his office, has won for him many friends among the members of the bench, bar and the general public. He is a member of the Iroquois club, the Chicago Athletic association, and a Knight of the Macabees of the World.

He is a candidate for re-election to the position he now holds, clerk of the Appellate court of the first district, having been renominated on the Democratic ticket, and endorsed by the People's party. He is deserving of the consideration and support of every voter who desires to have capable and faithful men in office. He is a man of character and integrity; has won the respect of all who know him, and if re-elected will continue to reflect credit on himself and the people of Cook county. The first Appellate district consists of Cook county.

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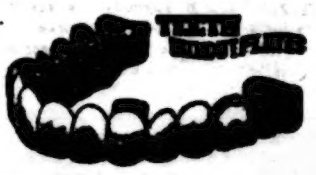

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Fleet heralds of bright days and coming mirth,
When lavish summer from her lap shall fling
Red rain of roses on the grateful earth!

In days bygone men held your coming dear
And deemed you children's spirits from the dead,
Come back beloved and loving year by year
Unto the homes whence first your souls had fled.

And as ye hovered round the rustic thatch
Fond ears did listen to your twittering sweet—
Ears that had yearned—ah, many a time—to catch
The well known patter of departed feet.

Resting upon his scythe, the toil worn swain
Would pause awhile to mark your wheeling flight,
And mem'ry's ear was quick to catch again
Your merry, mingling shouts of mad delight.

The mother's eyes grew moist as round each spot
Endeared by tender ties ye circling flew.
It soothed her grief to think ye ne'er forgot
The once familiar scenes your childhood knew.

"Twas there," she mused, "their tiny hands did weave
The fragrant cowslip ball, the daisy chain.
"Twas there they wondering watched at silent eve
The glowworm light his lantern in the lane."

Each night they sought their rest, well pleased to know
Their darlings 'neath the thatch were nestling near.
Fond love their lot did ease of half its woe,
And sympathy aye sweetened sorrow's tear.

Then welcome, swallows, to my homely walls!
Tidings of comfort to our sires ye told,
And still to me your coming now recalls
Like memories to those it brought of old.

For many a well loved child my dreams have bred,
Whom young ambition did of hope beget,
And some are dying now. Some long since dead,
With you, sweet birds, return and greet me yet.

—Will Hill in Chambers' Journal.

DUVAL'S ESCAPE.

It was a red letter day in my life when I was first put in charge of a "passenger." I'd worked my way up by successive stages from the post of cleaner in the sheds, and, being always a steady going young fellow, had reached the topmost rung of the ladder sooner than most. There was perhaps an extra incentive in my case, as I was courting a little girl who was, she had told me, only waiting till I earned enough to make me the happiest of men.

To be sure, I had a rival, Ernest Duval by name, who was "something in the city" and possessed the showy attractiveness and the art of insidious flattery which sometimes lure fickle minded women to forsake the true metal for the glittering dross. I must own he occasioned me some slight cause for jealousy. Still, secure in the knowledge of our mutual love and knowing Alice to be a sensible little girl, I was, on the whole, as happy as most chaps who see their sweethearts but once or twice a

...e had told him on more than one ...casion that she wanted nothing to do with him, but in spite of her obvious dislike he persisted in persecuting her with his attentions, and only the day before the incidents happened which I am about to relate I had found it necessary myself to display the finger of Alice to him with my ring upon it, to his ill concealed chagrin and evident mortification.

On the next night I was, as usual, ordered to take out the sleeping saloon express to the north. My mate had secured the couplings, the old engine was panting and snorting like a thing of life, as if eager for the coming journey, and the bustle on the platform had subsided. The signals were right, and I had my hand on the throttle, only waiting for the "Right away!" when, just as the green light was displayed, a cab rattled into the station, from which an excited man hastily jumped. Flinging some money to the driver, he rushed along the platform and sprang into the first compartment of the train, the one next to the engine, just as I pressed the lever and my fireman had loosened the brake.

We had hardly begun to move when another man, who had been waiting on the station, in the shadow of a pillar, and whom I knew as Detective Jobson of Scotland Yard, sprang to the carriage, and ejaculating, "Thought I should nab you here, my beauty!" endeavored to enter. I was busy getting under way, but my mate told me that the man in the carriage struck the detective in the face and thrust him off the footboard. His hat flew off in the struggle and fell between the platform and the moving train, but the officer, determined not to lose his quarry, was up again in an instant, and, though the carriages were flying past him, he had sprung upon the footboard of the last coach, heeding not the cries of the excited porters and terrified onlookers, and just as the train cleared the platform we saw the guard lean forward from the open door, and, grasping the man by the arms, assist him into the van. The fugitive in the first coach saw the detective's disappearance also, and his bloodless face blanched a shade paler.

"Great snakes!" exclaimed my fireman, drawing in his breath with a sharp hiss. "That was a narrow shave. Jobson means to have that chap somehow, and have him he will. I wonder what he's wanted for. He'll never reach the landing stage this journey, that's a dead cert!"

"No," said I. "They'll have him at Crewe right enough. Poor beggar! He made a desperate fight for it, anyhow!"

The "sleeper," as we called it, was timed straight through to Crewe without a stop, doing the 158 miles in 3 hours and 5 minutes. There we left it to another engine which would be waiting to take it on, but we should return with the "up" express later in the morning. I knew that as soon as we reached Crewe there would be a crowd of policemen waiting to search the train from end to end. Jobson was up to his work, and the telegraph would be clicking its warning message a moment or two after we had passed through the first station.

It was not the only capture by any means I had witnessed this astute officer make, and the despairing faces of the men, robbed of the last hope of escape, the shadow of the criminal's cell already upon them, came into my mind as we rushed past Willesden, and, looking backward for a moment through the fitful light, I saw the fateful piece of paper flutter from the detective's hand.

The officials would understand the significance of that scribbled message, and unless Providence miraculously interposed the man was doomed. To leave the train as it flew through the night at the rate of 50 miles an hour was impossible. One man had done so once, but his body was found, mangled beyond recognition, lying on the track in the morning. There was no escape, and with such passing thoughts I dismissed the matter and concentrated my attention on the work in hand.

Suddenly I was startled by an ejaculation of horror from my mate.

"Look, Ben," he shouted, his eyes starting from his head as he gazed into the dim light which surrounded the train like a haze. "The fool will kill himself!"

I turned, and, though I prided myself on my steely nerves, the sight that met my eyes sent a cold thrill down my back and made me lean against the brake for support.

The man had swung himself out of the end carriage and was endeavoring to work his way in face of the terrible back draft toward us. Every moment I expected to see him torn from his precarious hold and dashed to pieces on the lines, but with the tenacity of a leech he clung to the handle of the door, while he leaned forward to grasp some new support. Suddenly a distant roar burst on our terrified ears. My mate turned, his face as white as milk and the perspiration standing on his forehead. "Merciful powers," he screamed in a harsh, discordant voice, "the up mail! Heaven have mercy on him!" And he hid his face with his hands as with a deafening shriek we flew toward each other and crashed past in the darkness. But above the din I fancied I heard the wild scream of terror as the wretched man realized his horrible peril. It was a full minute before I could turn my throbbing head to look behind.

With a feeling of sickness that was new to me I peered through the gloom.

"Thank God!" I ejaculated fervently as the blood rushed through my veins once more. There, with his body pressed flat against the oscillating surface, still stood the man who had been so near to an awful death. Slowly he moved his head in our direction, and with an expression of grim resolution he pulled himself together. With bated breath we wondered what he would do next. As far as we could see his way was stopped, but, undeterred, he steadied himself, and reaching forward felt round the corner of the coach. Unexpectedly his hand encountered one of the steps by which the men mount to the roof, and; though we could not see his face distinctly, we fancied he set his lips in a terrible smile of accomplished purpose as he clutched it and with a despairing effort pulled himself to the end of the footboard and round into comparative safety on to the couplings between the tender and the coach.

"By Jove!" Bill exclaimed when at last, the tension removed from his nerves, he could speak. "He's a good plucked 'un and no mistake. But what's his game, I wonder?"

"The madman is coming on to the engine," I burst out excitedly, divining his intention as I saw his head appear for a brief instant above the coal.

"Anyhow, we can't see him commit suicide without raising a hand to stop him," he returned and began to scramble over the coal, where I saw him presently stoop down and grasp the man, dragging him with an almost superhuman effort on to the tender, where he sank down utterly exhausted.

Coming forward, my mate threw open the stokehole, with the intention of replenishing the fire, and the ruddy glow from the raging furnace within lit up the tender from end to end.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated as my gaze met the haggard face of the rescued delinquent. "Ernest Duval!" And my nerveless hand fell from the polished lever.

"Ben!" he gasped wonderingly, his wild eyes encountering mine as he struggled toward us.

My lips refused to frame the questions that tumultuously arose to them, and my mate silently handed me his can.

"Take a drink," he said curtly, "and pull yourself together."

I complied readily. The cool draft brought me round somewhat, and I resumed control of the engine.

"Now, Mr. Duval," I shouted hotly, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain the meaning of the little game you've been playing tonight. But let me tell you, if you think you've furthered your chances of escape, you're wrong."

"Yes, mate," Bill sternly remarked, "you haven't done a lot for yourself by coming here."

"Ben!" he at last jerked forth, gasping for breath, his bloodshot eyes wandering round the cab and into the darkness as we flew along. "Ben—I've been a fool. You saw the detective on my track—he's in the train now. I've been betting—and, you know—the books at the office—found out this morning—I've fled for my life—but you'll help me to give them the slip, Ben?" And the shivering wretch fell down helplessly and clasped my knees.

"Don't talk nonsense, man," I answered roughly. "What you ask is an impossibility. My duty as a servant of the company is to hand you over to the authorities, who will be waiting for you at Crewe. Besides your own sense should tell you there is no place to hide a child here."

"Oh, yes," added my mate grimly, "you're every bit as bad off as if you was sitting on them comfortable cushions in the carriage there! I wouldn't give much for your chance."

"But you can help me if you like," he screamed, his eager face upturned, and the hunted expression of a wild animal at bay in his eyes. "Slow up the train a little. You can do it. I've money—I will give you £50, £100—anything you like!" And he pulled out a handful of glittering gold.

"It can't be done, I tell you," I replied, shaking myself free from his grasp. "Get up and be a man. You've made your bed and you will have to lie on it. No man on this earth could get you out of this scrape. So make the best of it."

Seeing that I was immovable, he turned his attention to Bill, and I saw him proffer a handful of gold. My fireman turned his back and busied himself with his duties. "Its no use, matey," I heard him say. "If Ben says it can't be done, it can't, and that's the end on it. I'm sorry for you, for you're a rattling good plucked un."

The despairing creature detected the tone of commiseration in Bill's voice and redoubled his wild entreaties.

"If it could be done, I'd do it," Bill murmured. "I've got a wife and six kids to look after at home, and that brass would come in useful, but there!" And he cast his eyes around the tender. Suddenly they lit up with a peculiar light, and, turning to me, he said apologetically: "Ben, I don't ask you to have any hand in this at all. You knows nothing about it. If the worst comes to the worst, we forced you to silence, but all I says is this—will you give me a chance to get the beggar off? I think I can do it without danger to you or me. All I asks you to do is to know nothing about it. What say now?"

"Well, Bill," I remarked, "I bear the fellow no love, as you [illegible] see, but if by keeping silent I can [illegible] od turn to the tune of £50 y[illegible] nd on me, though I must [illegible] how you can possibly do [illegible]

"You put your money [illegible] returned smilingly as he [illegible] y hand and retired to the en[illegible] r der with Duval.

We had left Stafford [illegible] ne time since, and, if nothi[illegible] ed, should run into Crewe in [illegible] 25 minutes or so. Having to do Bil[illegible] ork as well as control the engine, I h[illegible] my hands pretty full, and during the next ten minutes I was fully occupied. At the end of that time Bill rejoined me and threw open the furnace doors once more. I looked round the engine. Duval had disappeared! Not a vestige or sign of his visit remained, but Bill's pocket bulged considerably and his grimy face was expanded in a broad grin.

A few minutes later we slowed up at our destination for the night. There they were, just as I had expected—one policeman at the station gates and five or six stationed along the platform. Before we had quite stopped out jumps Jobson and rushes up to the train. As the sergeant threw open the door of the compartment Duval had occupied we saw an expression of consternation cross the face of the bewildered detective, but, quickly regaining his composure, he superintended the examination with practiced eye. My mate had unfastened the couplings, and we were just off to the sheds, when Jobson approached the engine.

"Ben," he queried anxiously, "did you see anything extraordinary on the way down? I've been sold nicely and no mistake."

"I don't have time to see anything except signals ahead when I'm in charge of an express," I returned unceremoniously. "Did you see anything, Bill?"

"Can't say as I did," Bill answered artlessly. "Have you lost your man, Mr. Jobson?"

"I have so, replied the officer. "I expect he dropped off somewhere."

"If he did, he's a goner, for certain," said Bill. "We were never under 50 since we left Willesden."

"I'll look along the track for him going back," I remarked. "Are you going on or back with the morning mail?"

"I hardly know," he returned disappointedly. "Well, thank you, anyhow. Good night, or rather good morning!" And he made his way to the telegraph office.

We returned his salutation and steamed off to the sheds.

"What did I tell you?" said Bill joyously. "We drop him outside and let him take his chance."

"Then he is on the engine?" I asked as we pulled up.

For answer Bill got off and went to see if the coast was clear. Returning in five minutes, he proceeded to the rear of the tender and carefully lifted up a large piece of coal. Underneath was the head of Duval! Bill had artfully walled him in against the side, and in such a manner as to defy suspicion, little bits being scattered about in the most natural manner possible. Quickly he was rescued from his uncomfortable position and stood up as black as a sweep. Bill gave him a drink from his pannikin, and then conducted him off the engine and round the back of the sheds.

Did I ever hear of him again? Oh, yes! About two years afterward a letter reached me one morning from Colombia, inclosing a Bank of England note for £100. It was from Duval, and in it he told how he had succeeded in doubling on his tracks to Birmingham, and thence had worked down to Southampton in disguise and got clear away. He expressed the hope that Alice and myself were happily wedded and begged us to keep the note and give it as a present to our firstborn child.—London Tit-Bits.

Wood of the Cross.

The people of the different countries have their various traditions concerning the wood of which the cross was made. In England the peasants say that it was of elderwood, and that lightning never strikes that tree. Dean French, in a note to his "Sacred Latin Poetry," declares that it was made of the wood of the aspen, and that since the day of the crucifixion the leaves of that tree have never ceased to shudder.—St. Louis Republic.

A RUSSIAN BEDROOM.

THE TRAVELER FINDS IT HAS SOME UNFAMILIAR FEATURES.

In the First Place the Bed Is Dangerously Narrow—Guests, Even at the Best Hotels, Must Furnish Their Own Bedclothes—There Is No Privacy.

Much has been written about the German bed. But how much might not be written about the Russian bed? Nay, how much has not been written already? Even in decent country houses in Russia the sleeping place is often merely a couch or the top of a chest of drawers covered with a rug. But in the towns there are beds, and such beds! The German bed, as most people are aware, if not from personal experience from Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's description of it, is placed in a deep box, into which you climb and then pull the bed on top of you. The whole contrivance is so designed as to keep one half of the body perspiringly hot and the other half shivering cold and to suffocate you if you are not constantly on the alert. Its grand redeeming feature is that you cannot tumble out of it however much you toss about. The Russian bed, on the contrary, is an affair out of which, or rather off which, you cannot possibly help tumbling however still you lie. It is an iron or wooden frame, perfectly destitute of rails and about the width of an ordinary coffin. Upon this is placed a mattress, and the entire arrangement is deposited in the middle of the room. To get on to it is easy enough, for it is quite low. But to fall asleep on it is inevitably to fall on the floor. It is too narrow to turn in, and there is nobody who does not turn in his sleep unless he is a Russian, who, one may assume, has been weaned from the habit by countless flops in the days of his youth, when he didn't mind that sort of thing. He has brought himself into harmony with his environment, as the evolutionists say, and is comfortable. The stranger has not, and suffers accordingly.

Most people before they enter the land of Nod are apt to dream that they have fallen over a precipice and are going down, down, down. Just as they are about to touch the bottom they wake with a start and heave a sigh of relief as they realize that they are on nothing harder than feathers. In Russia that dream has a terribly actual termination. The visionary wakes with a start to find that he has "gone over" in a very literal sense and is wallowing among his trunks. A cunning man will shift his bed from the center of the room to the wall. That saves him on one side. But he is still open to disaster on the other, and a bedroom companion of mine at Moscow used to fall out of bed three times regularly every night, and after the third time lie talking in his sleep until daylight, dreaming, I fancy, that he was about to break the record by falling out again. The narrow bed is general where beds are employed at all. Even the imperial residences are furnished with them, and the couch upon which the murdered Alexander breathed his last, still shown to visitors to the Winter palace, is of the same type. The Russians, like their Teutonic neighbors, have a good deal to learn about Bedfordshire.

"But what about the bedclothes?" it will be asked. Well, they are much more easily described than the bed, the fact being that they are invariably conspicuous by their absence. It is not the fashion in Russia to supply bedclothing, even in the best hotels. The traveler is expected to bring his sheets and blankets with him if he requires them, and the same is the case in private houses. A Russian would no more think of offering you secondhand bedclothes than you would of offering him a secondhand toothbrush. The railway officials now supply one pillow, one sheet and one blanket to each first class passenger. Elsewhere, however, as stated, the stranger, let him be invited guest or paying lodger, is understood to provide his own bedding. There are considerations which render this system highly desirable. But it is not without its drawbacks, and when we remember that the mean annual temperature of northern Russia is below freezing point, it will be admitted that no one should be left in ignorance of the custom. Its discovery created no small consternation among the English tourists, who were quite unprepared for it and who arrived at Moscow at midnight, tired to death, and found themselves with nothing to sleep in and with next to nothing to sleep upon. How did they manage? One slept for eight days in his topcoat, another wrapped himself up in his dignity and his dressing gown, while a third reposed in a borrowed railway rug.

Guests at a Russian hotel, or in a private house, for that matter, ought, if they are particular, to fasten their bedroom doors before engaging in serious ablutions. Russian servants and waiters, male and female, give no warning of their approach. It is no more the custom to knock at a door than it is to supply bedclothes, and a boots or a chambermaid will invariably enter a room without any intimation, "as if," as one writer has expressed it, "intentionally ignoring such obstacles to movement as doors." The fact that the room is a bedroom makes no difference whatever. This free and easy style may not annoy a Slav, but it is apt to provoke embarrassing situations among Englishmen, whose morning toilet is a very extensive affair, embracing every part of the man from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.—Cor. Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Reprisals.

The following is told of an English army officer long since dead. Meeting a lady who much disliked him, he said: "Good evening, Miss ——. You are looking very handsome tonight."

"I wish I could say the same, major."

"Oh, but you could if you were to tell a lie, as I did," was his quick retort.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

He Tells Why He Was Induced to Abandon His Profession.

A well known business man from Texas was in Washington not long ago, on his way to New York, when a reporter met him and had a long talk with him. Instead of being either judge or major he was a doctor, and the reporter asked him how he happened on that title.

"I used to be a physician," was the reply.

"What did you quit it for, if that's a fair question?"

The gentleman from Texas hesitated, and the hotel clerk joined the reporter in coaxing him to tell the story of his life.

"I suppose I might as well," conceded the gentleman, "and here goes. When I was 22 years old, I left Kentucky for a town in Arkansas, and there I hung out my shingle and continued the practice of medicine. I had such good luck that I became quite confident of my ability, and I felt quite able to tackle any sort of a case that came my way. I had been practicing about three years, and had saved up nearly $1,500, when one day a young fellow led his father into my office, and the old gentleman wanted me to remove his eye, as it pained him so he couldn't stand it."

"I had never had much experience with eyes, and of course I shouldn't have undertaken his case, but I thought I was equal to anything, and at once began making my prepartions for the operation. I understood from what the son said that the pain from the bad eye affected the other, and as it had been blind for ten years the family thought the best thing to do was to remove it. In a very short time I had my patient under the influence of ether, and without calling in any assistance further than the son I went to work and soon had the eye out. Then as I began to put it in shape I noticed, to my horror, that I had taken out the wrong eye. The thought of what I had done startled and frightened me so that I at once hurried through my work and sent the old man home in a carriage.

"Then I drew out what money I had in the bank, packed up my belongings, and, after settling all my bills quietly, I took a night train and left the town for Mexico. Being extremely sensitive anyway, the thought of the terrible injury I had inflicted upon this man so wrought upon my feelings that I could not stay in one place, and I wandered about Mexico for three months. At the same time I was afraid that I might be identified by some person and be arrested and carried back for the punishment I so richly deserved. After four months I came over to Texas, and in a remote town I opened an office again and changed my name. I managed to make a living and staid there for five years, worrying so over the man that I had made blind and perhaps had left to die that I became gray and wrinkled.

"I presume I would have died there, but one day I happened into San Antonio and met a man I had known in the Arkansas town. At first I thought of trying to get away, but I concluded that the time had come for me to take my punishment, for I couldn't stand it any longer, and I went up to him and asked him if he didn't come from Blankville and did he know Mr. X. and the doctor who had got out of town so disgracefully. I was relieved to find that he didn't know me at all, and he at once proceeded to tell me that the disappearance of the doctor was still an unsettled mystery, and that Mr. X. was in good health. I told him I had heard that the doctor had taken out the wrong eye and that the old man had become stone blind in consequence. He assured me that the old man had not suffered any inconvenience at all, because he was blind, anyway, in both eyes and had been for years, and another physician had finished the job quite satisfactorily, and the patient's general health had greatly improved.

"You have no idea," concluded the gentleman from Texas, "how this news relieved me, and in my enthusiasm I gave up the practice of medicine forever and put my money into a manufacturing establishment that has almost made me rich in the past 20 years. I never went back to the remote Texas town again; neither did I ever go to the Arkansas town, nor tell my informant who I was. As it happened I was all right, but the suffering I had endured was enough to cause me to put that part of my past clear behind me and keep it there."—Washington Star.

Historic Powderhorns.

Between the years 1755 and 1760 about 1,800 army powderhorns were used in the English and American armies engaged with the French, and probably the same number existed in the American army during the Revolution. Each horn used in the continental army was marked with the ini..als or name of the soldier who carried it. The spirit of the times is shown by the sentiments engraved on the horns, and daily read by the owner and his companions, such as these:

Liberty or death.
In defence of liberty.
My liberty I'll have or my death.
Liberty—no slavery.
Death before dishonor.
Now is the time, ye hearts of oak,
To give our foes a fatal stroke.

Horns were last used in the war with Mexico in 1848. After that they rapidly disappeared. Many were shortened to make them more convenient for hunting purposes. Some of them were cleaned, the valuable records and engravings upon them being scraped off and thus lost.—J. L. Sticht, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.

Church Fairs.

A Maine man who has studied church fairs pretty carefully thus defines them: "Church fairs are places where we spend more money than we can afford for things we do not want in order to please people whom we do not like and to help the heathen, who are happier than we are."—New York Tribune.

Utilizing Old Shoes.

Old shoes are not waste from the standpoint of modern industry. After they have done their service and are discarded by the first wearers a secondhand dealer restores the worn shoes to something like their former appearance, and they are sold again, to be worn a little longer by the poorer classes. When the shoes are finally discarded by them, they are still good for various purposes. In France such shoes are bought up in quantities by rag dealers and sold to factories, where the shoes are taken apart and submitted to long manipulations, which turn them into a paste, from which the material is transformed into an imitation leather, appearing very much like the finest morocco. Upon this material stylish designs are stamped, and wall papers, trunk coverings and similar articles are manufactured from it. Another French industry using old dilapidated shoes is the transforming of old into new footwear.

This is the principal occupation of the military convicts imprisoned in the fortress of Montpellier. There the shoes are taken apart, all the nails are taken out and then the leather is soaked in water some time to soften it. From those pieces that can be used are cut the uppers for children's shoes, and parts of the soles are similarly used. The smallest pieces of leather are applied to be used in high Louis XV heels, which were so much in style a few years ago. Even the nails of the old shoes are used again. They are separated by a magnet, which attracts the steel nails, while the copper and brass nails are carried on farther. The price received for the old copper nails alone almost pays for the first cost of the old shoes. Clippings and cuttings of the leather are also used, being turned into a paste from which artificial leather is made, and what is not good enough to serve for this purpose is sold with the sweepings to agriculturists in the neighborhood, who use this paste with great success as a fertilizer.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Counting Treasury Notes.

One of the most singular and interesting manufactories in this country is that where the United States treasury notes are made. The paper differs from any other, and it is kept under guard from the moment of its manufacture until the printed notes are issued from the treasury. These sheets of thin paper, both before and after printing, are counted and recounted by officials whose fingers, from years of practice, have become so deft that they fly over their work with the rapidity of lightning.

A visitor, watching a woman counting apparently endless heaps of notes, said, when the worker stopped to breathe:

"I should think that this monotonous work of counting, continued for years, would bring on a disease of the brain."

"It would," promptly replied the official, "if we thought of it. But while I counted those notes I was planning a holiday for my little boy. I repeat the numbers unconsciously, as a musician touches the keys of the piano. It is a habit. It was not always so," she said, laughing. "When I began the work, I was terrified by its importance. The officers, pacing up and down, robbed me of self control. I touched the sheets with shaking fingers. I was working for the government. I went over the pile again and again, and even then made mistakes. I never make a mistake now. I have the habit of counting."—Youth's Companion.

Hardships For an African Explorer.

I have always something the matter with me which interferes with my efficiency. Now it will be a wretched ulcer near my knee joint to hinder my walking; at another time one near my right elbow to weaken my arm and give me unsteady aim in shooting. Then I am cured of these, and feel miserable and feverish; but snap shots of deafening quinine make me strong and cheerful and fit to bear the strain of a few days' visit from malarial neuralgia, which seizes my head, makes tender every tooth, and stabs me unmercifully with acutest pain, till the head is aching with hammering throbs, and the eyes, through pain, are curtained by a mist. In due time I recover from this, and become dyspeptic, or cannot wear my largest shirt because of a swollen spleen. I gradually reduce this, and then blisters on the feet and erysipelas in the ankles make walking the worst kind of agony. Illness to me in Africa is as the bubble in a spirit level—it moves and changes its position, but never ceases.—"Glave In the Heart of Africa" in Century.

Traveling Alone.

Did you ever ride in a street car at night when you were the only passenger for many blocks? It is a peculiar experience. I got on a Broadway car last night, or, rather early this morning, at Park place, and I had the car to myself as far as Astor place. I didn't have a paper with me, so I had nothing to keep me busy, and I didn't want to go to sleep. If there had been somebody in the car to look at, perhaps it would have been all right, but as it was I don't think I ever felt so lonesome in my life, and if I had been the solitary passenger much longer I would have gone out on the platform and talked to the conductor out of sheer desperation. If I were a railroad president, I don't think I would care for a private car if I expected to travel alone.—New York Times.

Never Talked Politics.

"You say he never talks politics?"

"I've known him ten years and I never even heard him mention the subject."

"And you seem to think that it's creditable to him?"

"I do."

"Well, I want to say that any man who lives in this country and doesn't care enough for its welfare to discuss the political questions that arise is not"—

"But this man is dumb."—Chicago Post.

POSTAGE ON WEDDING CAKE.

Miscarriage of an Attempt to Economize Prevents a Marriage.

"Do tell me all about Nell's wedding," said the girl in the crash suit. "Did it all go off well? And how"—

"Oh, beautifully!" cried the girl in the white frock. "My dress was perfectly lovely, my gloves were an ideal fit, and my hair kept its curl as well as if I was only attending an old maids' tea party."

"How nice! But tell me about Nell. Was she"—

"She was horrid. Actually wanted me to help her dress for the ceremony! As if I hadn't my bridesmaid's toilet to think of. I am afraid that dear Nell is too selfish to make a really good wife."

"Then she will naturally have an unselfish husband, dear."

"Perhaps so. Oh, it was delightful to walk up the aisle feeling that every eye was fixed on"—

"Yes, I know. But tell me, how did Nell get through the ceremony?"

"I really don't know. My mind was full of the one awful thought that I was standing with my back to all those people, while there was no telling but that my gown was crumpled after that long drive to the church."

"Oh, probably it was all right. Was Nell's gown"—

"And wasn't it too bad that Harold was out of town and unable to see me in my lovely new dress!"

"Oh, well, you can send him a photograph."

"Not unless he apologizes."

"For what, going away? But then, even an engaged man must attend to business."

"It wasn't only that. It was his subsequent behavior. You see, I wanted him to share some of the festivities, so I sent him a box of wedding cake. You should have seen the letter I got in return."

"But perhaps it disagreed with him."

"It wasn't that. You know, I thought it would be nice to write him a sweet little note and slip it in the bottom of the cake box, so that when he had eaten it all he would have a pleasant surprise."

"Good gracious, do you mean to say that you gave the box away and never knew"—

"No, I don't. The—well, the truth is that those horrid, mean postoffice employees actually opened the box and found the note! Oh, how I do despise such prying inquisitiveness! Not satisfied with that they"—

"Goodness, can—can they send you to jail for violating the postal laws?"

"No, they can't. But they actually made Harold pay letter postage on the box before they would give it to him. Four square inches of wedding cake cost him just $1.50, and now he—he says that he is afraid that I am n-not economical enough to make a g-good wife for a poor man! After I had put the note in the box to save extra postage too!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

YANKEE PLUCK NEEDED.

Good Field In Central America For American Enterprise and Ingenuity.

Taken as a whole, Central America offers a fair field for foreign enterprise, says The North American Review. By young men of self denying and sober habits, possessing a capital of $5,000 and a tolerably good knowledge of the Spanish language, success either in commerce, agriculture or mining may be confidently counted upon, but they must avoid all interference in local politics. In those as in all other countries the foreigner whose character and mode of life command respect will very seldom, if ever, suffer molestation at the hands of the authorities. The Nicaragua canal, if once commenced in earnest, will open up the almost inexhaustible resources of that republic, and the engineering works alone will offer lucrative employment to thousands of foreigners. Its physical difficulties are insignificant compared with those which De Lesseps never overcame on the isthmus of Panama, and perhaps the greatest obstacle to contend with is the silting of the alluvial deposits at the mouth of the San Juan river, the Atlantic entrance to the canal. Its whole length will be 194 English miles, 110 of which are included in the great Lake of Nicaragua, 134 feet above the sea level, whose total superficial area is 3,668 English square miles. A short cutting will connect the lake with that of Managua, 156 feet above the sea level, with a superficial area of 600 English miles, being 70 miles long and 25 miles broad, with an average depth of five fathoms.

The Oily Menhaden.

The oily character of the menhaden is familiar. It is caught for its oil, which is tried out in factories. Menhaden fishermen use purse nets, which are tarred to preserve them. To keep their hands from sticking to the tarred nets they rub on them a freshly caught menhaden, handling it somewhat as they would a cake of soap. So oily is the menhaden that the simple pressure thus applied is enough to bring through the scales oil sufficient for the purpose. —New York Sun.

Good Breeding.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. It carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid. No man ever said a pert thing to the Duke of Marlborough. No man ever said a civil one to Sir Robert Walpole. —Chesterfield.

Must Be Posted.

"Does young Whittle know much about politics?"

"Yes, I think he does. He has had several chances to run for office and didn't do it."—Washington Star.

The first iron forge in English North America was located at Raynham in the year 1652.

STOWING AWAY.

A Foolhardy and Dangerous Method of Getting an Ocean Voyage.

In spite of the fact that the punishment usually meted out to those who try to steal a free passage on a ship is several weeks' hard labor, with the option of a fine, stowaways are even more common today than they were 50 or 60 years ago.

Big passenger steamers, with their hundreds of passengers and their scores of stewards, sailors and stokers, afford innumerable opportunities for stowing away.

Three years ago a stowaway was discovered aboard one of the Allan liners running between Liverpool and Montreal. He was shabbily dressed, but being a big, sturdy looking fellow he was put to work about the ship. When the ship anchored below Montreal, waiting for daylight before entering the harbor, he, it is presumed, slipped quietly overboard and swam ashoare. In any case, when the boat touched at Montreal and was overrun by detectives looking for a notorious jewel robber, it was immediately suspected that the stowaway was the robber and that he had escaped, taking the jewels with him. He was captured some months afterward and confessed that when he swam ashore he had more than $10,000 worth of jewels on his person.

The favorite hiding places of stowaways are the coal bunkers and the narrow passages left when the vessels are loaded with bricks, tiles, iron pipes or other similar cargo. These places are extremely dangerous, and many cases are recorded where the shifting of the cargo has resulted in the death of some unfortunate wretch in hiding.

During the passage of a cargo boat to this country from England the sailors were startled the third day out by a curious scratching, which was immediately attributed to supernatural causes. The scratching continued for three days and then grew quiet and ceased. When the hatches were lifted at the end of the voyage, the emaciated body of a man was found lying on some bags of cement. The poor starving fellow had struggled frantically to get out of the hold.

As for our American liners, it is folly to try stowing away in any of them. The United States will not receive pauper immigrants, and captains are forbidden to land stowaways in this country under a penalty of $2,500. A "free passenger" on one of these ships is promptly clapped in irons and kept there until the ship returns to Liverpool, when he is brought before the authorities.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TORTURED BY THE TONGUE.

Some Men Who Read This Will Sympathize With Poor Junius.

"H'm!" murmured Mr. Junius from his paper. "A man falls dead while smoking his pipe, and"—

"There!" cried Mrs. Junius, raising her needle and voice with the same gesture. "Isn't that what I've always said? And yet you will go on, day after day, with those horrid old cigars and me slaving my life away doing up lace curtains that mother gave us ont of the very money she saved up with her own hands keeping hens, and hard enough, too, I can tell you, with eggs only a cent each the very moment hens began laying as they ought to, and I'd like to know where you think you'll land, Julius Junius, if you keep on smoking your life away? Oh, but it is only a step—and for pity's sake I wish you'd fix that one to the front door before some caller trips over it and breaks the knob with her bonnet—and you know I've begged you on my bended knees to leave off before it's too late and not die suddenly, like this man you're reading about, with your life insurance run out, and bringing everlasting disgrace on your wife's family. But what a provoking creature you are, Julius Junius, to sit there grinning and refusing to say a word, and you know I want to hear the rest of the particulars just as well as you do."

As his wife stopped to coal up Mr. Junius laid down the paper.

"The man was 96 years old," he said softly. "Somebody put a cartridge in his pipe for a joke, and it went off and shot him."

And when Mr. Junius came in from the evening club his wife was still flowing on unbrokenly.—Tacks.

That Sinking Feeling.

A good story is being told on one of Louisville's most prominent homeopathic physicians. Several days ago a young woman called at his office, and after discoursing on all the topics of interest of the day settled down to tell him her ailments. Among other things she said that she was greatly annoyed with a sinking feeling. The physician prepared a little bottle of pills and gave them to her, with minute directions as to how they should be taken. The woman again began to talk, and after many vain efforts to get her out she started for the door. She had just opened it when she turned and said, "Oh, doctor, what shall I do if these pills do not cure me?" "Take the cork," he retorted. "They tell me that's good for a sinking feeling." And he called the next patient into his private office.—Louisville Post.

Chose the Less.

Mr. Wickwire—But, my dear, if you discharge the girl without notice she may make it cost us $10 or $15. You know there is an agreement about notice.

Mrs. Wickwire—Yes, and if I give her a week's notice she will manage to break $50 or $40 worth of china before she goes.—Indianapolis Journal.

His Little Joke on Bargain Day.

"My husband played me a mean trick yesterday."

"What was it?"

"He told me folding beds were selling down town at 49 cents each."

"Well?"

"When I got down there they were hammocks."—Chicago Record.

TO CURE HEADACHES.

Simple Remedies That Will Bring Speedy Relief to Sufferers.

"A hot bath, a stroll in the fresh air, shampooing the head in weak soda water or a timely nap in a cool, quiet room will sometimes stop a nervous headache," writes Dr. B. F. Herrick in Ladies' Home Journal. "When overfatigued from shopping or sightseeing, a sponge dipped in very hot water and pressed repeatedly over the back of the neck between the ears will be found exceedingly refreshing, especially if the face and temples are afterward subjected to the same treatment. Neuraliga is caused not only by cold air, but by acidity of the stomach, starved nerves, imperfect teeth or by indolence combined with a too generous diet. Heat is the best and quickest cure for this distressing pain. A hot flatiron, passed rapidly and deftly over several folds of flannel laid on the affected spot, will often give relief in less than ten minutes without the aid of medicine. Hot fomentations are of equal value, though when the skin is very tender it is more advisable to use dry heat, nothing being better for the purpose than bags of heated salt, flour or sand, which retain warmth for a long time. Cold water, applied by the finger tips to the nerves in front of the ear, has been known to dispel neuralgic pains like magic. When caused by acidity, a dose of charcoal or soda will usually act as a corrective. Sick headache is accompanied by bilious symptoms, and attacks usually come on when the person is overtired or below par physically. This is a disease of the first half of life and often stops of its own accord after middle age. A careful diet is imperative in every case, sweetmeats and pastry being especially pernicious.

"Eating heartily when very tired, late dinners, eating irregularly, insufficient mastication or too much animal food, especially in the spring or during the hot weather, is a frequent cause of indigestion, causing headaches by reflex action."

A FORGOTTEN CHAPEL.

It Was Walled Up In the Vatican Despite Its Beautiful Decorations.

The oldest decorated walls in the palace are those by Fra Angelico in the chapel of Nicholas. For some reason or other this chapel at one time ceased to be used, the door was walled up, and the very existence of the place was forgotten. In the last century Bottari, having read about it in Vasari, set to work to find it, and at last got into it through the window which looks upon the roof of the Sistine chapel. The story, which is undoubtedly true, gives an idea of the vastness of the palace, and certainly suggests the possibility of more forgotten treasures of art shut up in forgotten rooms.

One other such at least there is. High up in the Borgia tower, above the stanze of Raphael, is a suit of rooms once inhabited by Cardinal Bibbiena, of the Chigi family, and used since then by more than one assistant secretary of state. There is a small chapel there, with a window looking upon an inner court, which was once the luxurious cardinal's bathroom, and was beautifully painted by Raphael in fresco, with mythological subjects. In 1835, according to Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Passavant saw it as it had originally been, with the frescos, though much damaged, still beautiful, and the marble bath still in its place in a niche painted with river gods. In one of the vatican's periodical fits of prudery the frescos were completely hidden with a wooden wainscot, the bathtub was taken away and the room was turned into a chapel. It is believed, however, that the paintings still exist behind their present covering.—F. Marion Crawford in Century.

Flowers That Cheered Not.

His "man" is not a well trained example of British imperturbability, but a boy from the southern plantation where he himself was born and bred. Consequently there are frequent interchanges of confidence between master and servant, and the former has the advantage of the latter's unbiased judgment and undirected action on many subjects. The other day the employee was ordered to purchase and carry flowers to a certain lady who was ill. In the course of a few days came her thanks for "the bunch of immortelles so thoughtfully if not cheeringly sent," whereupon the nominal sender of the funereal offering summoned his agent, and, with choice invective, demanded to know why immortelles had been taken to a sick woman.

"Well, Marse Sewell," explained the purchaser of the posy, "you say git anything thet's purty. Dese year wah purty, en de man say dey last fur evah, en I calc'lated dat dieys cheap enuff so's I can pay de laundry wif de change. I'm shuh I thought I wuz actin fuh de bes'." And the employer reflected on the disadvantages of having a servant with views of his own.—New York Journal.

The Chance of a Lifetime.

"It is said," he remarked reflectively, "that women's hands are growing larger."

"Yes?" she returned inquiringly.

"Yes," he asserted, "and the worst of it is that there is every likelihood that this tendency will continue."

"Yes?" she said in the same inquiring tone.

"Yes," he repeated. "You see, the bicycle and golf and tennis and other sports that women have recently taken up are responsible for it."

"In that case," she said, with a glance at her own dainty hands, "you'd better speak quick if you want a small one."

He realized that it was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he spoke promptly.—Chicago Post.

A Difference of Opinion.

Nell—What a breezy young man Mr. Closefist is!

Belle—Breezy? I haven't seen him blowing in anything. — Philadelphia Record.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Mathel's hall, Canalport and Union-avs.

DIVISION 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 467 W Fifteenth st.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, 135 Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Corcoran, 3837 Wentworth av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Mondays each month in Douglas hall, S. E. corner of Thirty-fifth st. and Indiana av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, Thomas McMahon, 5818 Justine st.
Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flanagan, 811 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Friday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2885 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4627 Dyer street.
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

DIVISION 20.

President, Joseph J Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, 502 Twenty-sixth st.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.
Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden 83 Tyson av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Kuehl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs.

DIVISION 22.

President, James Noonan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice President, J. S. Carrier.
Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

DIVISION 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice President, Michael Galvin.
Recording Secretary, P. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasury, Patrick Close.
Meets the Second and Fourth Monday of each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice President, John D. Maloney.
Recording Secretary, Thos. Healy, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.
Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garritty.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Lincoln st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.
Recording Secretary, Frank J. Mooney, 3 Western av.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney.
Treasurer, John Larney.

DIVISION 28.

President, [illegible] West Polk st.
Vice President, James Tracy.
Recording Secretary, F. Quinn, 1187 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, E. A. Creighton.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays in DeSoto hall, VanBuren and Francisco sts.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keys, 2393 116th st., Kensington.
Vice President, John Maguire.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1529, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 115th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av, 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av
Vice President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, L. O. Fitzpatrick, 1006 West Lake st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur McGinn.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets First Monday and Third Friday each month in St. Malachi's school hall.

DIVISION 32.

President, Cornelius Flynn, 107 Austin av.
Vice President, E. T. Walsh.
Recording Secretary, M. McLaughlin, 515 Carroll av.
Financial Secretaray, John Coogan.
Treasurer, Thomas O'Brien.
Meets in Nova's hall, Northeast corner Ohio and Green sts.

DIVISION 33.

President, Patrick Ryan, 6512 Cottage Grove av.
Vice President, John Callaghan.
Recording Secretary, Luke O'Keefe, 6537 Cottage Grove av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, Patrick Lynch.
Meets at 6511 Cottage Grove av.

DIVISION 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Dreen.
Meets Second Thursday of each month in Broomstead's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

DIVISION 22, A. O. H.

President, Miss Bina Harkins, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, Miss Mary Kelly.
Recording Sec'y, Miss Anna O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Sec'y, Mrs. M. Beckman.
Treasurer, Mrs. M. Denne.
Meet the 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in St. Patrick's hall.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS.

COMPANY A.

Captain, A. J. Connolly, 4714 Loomis street.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, ames Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH NO. 35.

President, L. Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Vice President, Emma Lonergan.
Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B, 205 LaSalle st.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Parnell Council No. 26 meets on 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Corcoran's hall, Forty-seventh street and Princeton avenue at 3 p. m. President, P. J. Reynolds, 5340 State st; Vice-Pres, Joseph J. Healy; Rec. Sec., J. T. Scott, 402 W. Forty-third st; Fin. Sec., Wm. McNicholas; Treas., Edward Hogan.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

81 South Clark Street, Rooms 10, 12, 14.

President, J. J. Mahony.
Vice President, J. E. Long.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Conroy.
Corresponding Secretary, A. Donoghue.
Treasurer, John Roche.
Trustees, D. O'Connor, J. J. Gibbons, James C. Strain.

Working Days.

The average number of working days in a year in various countries is as follows: In Russia, 267; in Britain, 278; in Spain, 290; in Austria, 295; in Italy, 298; in Bavaria and Belgium, 300; in Saxony and France, 302; in Denmark, Norway and Switzerland, 303; in Prussia, 305; in Holland and North America, 308, and in Hungary, 312.

The fall of dead branches from a tree is an excellent sign of an approaching storm. The dead wood, not protected, absorbs moisture and loses elasticity, thus causing the fall.

Spain has 4,130,000 women over the age of 16.

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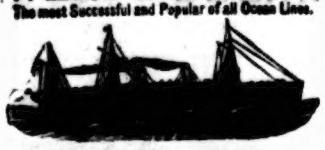

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